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A LETTER to her . . .

SWEETHEART

*Private Arthur Smith
A.I.F.
Somewhere in England*

My Dear

AUSTRALIA.
August 25, 1940.

BY the time this letter arrives we shall have been at war for a year. Sometimes it seems to me like a lifetime, sometimes it seems to have passed in a flash.

You never had any doubt about your part in the war, and I know what it must mean to you now to be on English soil, trained and ready to defend it.

Being a man and a soldier you are probably wishing for action. Being a woman and in love I cannot help but give thanks for every day that you are spared from battle.

Out here, in spite of the thread of khaki weaving through the land, war still seems incredibly far away.

Remember when we read together Linklater's "Impregnable Women"—that pre-war book about what was then to be the "next war" and is now this war.

Remember how Lady Lysistrata said that the wartime spring came "not as a challenge, but as a wound, or a joke in the worst of taste."

That line comes back to me now that spring is blowing in to mock man's destructiveness with its healing.

WE should have been building this spring—a home to house a family. I would have to be angelically unselfish not to hate what war has done to our small plan.

Women, you know, are apt to see things in a personal light.

But under all that I'm glad that you felt as you did and that you were sure you had something here worth fighting for. I imagine you grinning at that and thinking I'm making



Let's Talk Of Interesting People



MISS IONA RUDDOCK
Versatile Craftswoman

A LUMP of silver, some opals, and Miss Iona Ruddock hands you a bracelet of fat little silver fishes blowing iridescent opal bubbles. One of the few associates of Sydney Technical College she excels in many crafts.

"I design and make practically everything I wear," she says. Has her own spinning wheel, loom, and jeweller's tools.



MR. P. C. GREENLAND
Jobs for graduates

GRADUATE of Adelaide University, Mr. P. C. Greenland is secretary of Sydney University Appointments Board. Placing graduates in business and industry is his job.

"Important aspect of the work is the increased contact it means between the University, business, industry, and official life," he says. "Another interesting development is the demand for graduates for many National Defence services."



Jack Cain

MRS. G. G. HENDERSON, C.B.E.
Upholding tradition

FIRST woman to be elected chairman of the metropolitan standing committee, Victorian Charities Board, since its inception 17 years ago, is Melbourne's noted charity worker, Mrs. G. G. Henderson, C.B.E. "The responsibility of upholding the tradition of the chairmanship is great, but I am very proud to be appointed," she says.



"They leaned over the rail together and watched the moonlight on the water. There was magic in the night—and love was there."

It can come true for YOU!

Love like this is not reserved for fiction—it is the right of every girl. Women who find such happiness are not always the most beautiful—but those who know how to look fascinating and well-groomed, with a petal finish to their skin. For even an ordinary complexion can be transformed by Erasmic Face Powder.

Erasmic is made by a special process so that it is softer and silkier—clinging closer than most powders. There is a shade that is the exact twin to your complexion. Try it for your next conquest.

ERASMIC CREAMS (VANISHING AND COLD) 1/- TUBE

ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/-

IN FIVE LOVELY SHADES
RACHEL, PEACH, BRUNETTE,
SUNTAN AND NATURAL



E.137a

a compliment to myself even out of your being in the army. What I remember is that you refused to be sidetracked by a variety of political arguments.

On that terrible Sunday a year ago when Mr. Chamberlain spoke those dreaded words, "a state of war exists," you put your ideas rather bluntly.

"I don't like Nazism. There may be lots of things wrong with how we manage affairs, but it's a lot better than Hitler's way. And I don't expect some other bloke to go out and clean up the Nazis on my behalf."

I'd have liked to hit you with the axe for being so darned logical that day. Because I simply couldn't think of an answer to that.

And so began this year of war, this incredible year . . . I can laugh now about that first week, but I was slightly sodden with tears most of the time. You made your will and your mother and I had a real good cry over the way you'd divided things so scrupulously between us. I didn't tell you that before, did I? You were being fiendishly efficient.

Then you went off and enlisted just a week after the outbreak. You're terribly Australian, you know. When you came home that evening you were quite embarrassed about it, terribly afraid someone might get emotional about you or try to make out you had done anything more spectacular that day than going to the office.

I went to bed and tossed and turned trying to make up my mind what physical disability I'd like your final medical examination to show up. It had to be something that didn't hurt you much, but just bad enough to keep you with me.

THERE was a curious sort of unreality about the times we spent together when you were on leave. At first you looked a stranger, a khaki-clad visitor, rather weathered and often weary, and so curiously out of the little world we used to share.

Sometimes I felt I had quite lost touch with you, and it was then that I most bitterly resented the cruel new order of things. The personal slant again, you see.

But after a while the khaki ceased to turn you into a stranger and you came back again. I learnt the lingo of your camp (you're grinning again; well, I mean the more respectable portions) and I learnt to appreciate the mysterious difference between the "corp" and the "sarge."

I was almost forgetting to worry until April came and then I could see that you knew separation wasn't far off.

Why do you men always think it best not to tell "the little woman" bad news? We can sense it, and anxiety about its exact nature weighs us down like a millstone.

I suppose I shall remember your final leave till I die. The inadequacy of everything we said to each other, the pointless effort to make conversation about ordinary things, the endless conjectures as to your destination, and finally that good-bye which was more inadequate and yet more heartfelt than all the rest.

Then I learnt the torture of rumor. All through those weeks and weeks before we heard of your safe arrival, weeks made black by terrible news from France, there were rumors . . . wild and unfounded as they were they still added to each day some fresh anguish of doubt and suspense.

Now each morning I wake to wonder whether this is the day that will bring battle over England.

But somehow I am not afraid. You'll do your job and come back. Then our world will be rebuilt.

Look after yourself, my love,
Yours always

P.S.—I seem to be in a retrospective mood to-day, my dear, but that's how it is now. I never look ahead . . . only back into the past, because only in the past can I find you. It will be like that till you come home again.

Mary

IN ENGLAND NOW! - Last-minute radio from Mary St. Claire



LONDON CABBY, too old for active service, knits a soldier's sweater while he waits for his fare.

Bombs cannot alter our will to win

By Beam Wireless from London

In Britain to-day, with every village, town, and city either actually or potentially in the front line, life goes on much as usual. The mind so quickly adapts itself to circumstances that overnight the abnormal becomes normal.



IN VIEW of the need for saving petrol, the Royal dog-cart has again been brought into use for the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.



THIS MESSAGE, taken from a speech by a Labor leader, appears on 115,000 billboards all over England.

I HAVE just returned from Croydon—a suburb distant from the centre of London as far as Rose Bay is distant from Pitt Street—which recently was an inferno of crashing bombs, belching guns, falling planes.

A place where death suddenly threw its shadow over neat bungalows and compact little gardens filled with gay roses, delphiniums, lupins, marigolds.

Here and there a tin-helmeted soldier with fixed bayonet stands on guard.

Here and there a street is raffled off and bears the red-lettered notice, "Danger, Unexploded Bombs!"

Both the soldiers and the notices seem incongruous for all around life goes on with its myriad hum-drum affairs.

A policeman guarding a wrecked house standing alongside two others absolutely untouched said to me: "The sightseers are worse than the Germans. There have been thousands of them since the first raid. 'It's most unfair for these people to come here because when the Germans came over the second time the sightseers took up space in the shelters intended for local people.'"

The most important little lady of the week, Princess Margaret, celebrated her tenth birthday at a country home.

Guests at her party included evacuees, Brownies, Prince Edward, and Princess Alexandra.

The most thrilling present was a cheque for £2000, sent by all the Margarets of Scotland for the Princess Margaret Fund.

This cheque will be handed to the Y.M.C.A. Comforts.

The King's present to his daughter was a lovely pearl, following his custom of giving a pearl for each year of her life.

Artistic talent

THE Queen's gift was a box of paints, as the Princess' artistic talent is fast developing.

Another to receive a gift from the Queen this week was Madame Handley Seymour, who is retiring as dressmaker to the Queen.

She designed Her Majesty's wedding and Coronation dresses.

The Queen set the seal on this long association with a gift of a diamond brooch in the form of the Royal cipher.

Though this week the Queen's sister, Lady Elphinstone, learned that her son was a prisoner of war in Germany, she did not allow private worries to hinder public duties.

Even on the day she received the news, this slim graceful woman dressed in the dark green uniform of the W.V.S., with hair curling beneath a matching hat, was tirelessly war-working at the mobile canteens.

Mansion House, the original mobile canteen for the men of the forces, has a record of a million miles of distance covered in service to the forces. I saw Lady Evans, wife of Admiral Evans, of the Brooke, busily inspecting this complete shop on wheels.

Lady Evans proposes to take comforts to the Norwegian units of the fleet in England.



ALUMINIUM, from stove into Spitfire. Part of the huge collection of pots, pans, and other kitchenware donated by housewives for war purposes.

The Director of Salvage isn't a very high-sounding title, but playwright and author Xenia Field considers it's fine war-work. She loves the job and wouldn't have any other. She said to me:

"There is nothing dull about it. New take old bones. It's marvellous what can be done with them. It sounds a far cry from the knuckle end of the joint to Spitfires, but the bones make glue used in the fabric work of the planes."

Mrs. Field was responsible for the house-to-house canvass for aluminium pots and pans, which was so successful that Lord Beaverbrook almost had to cry for mercy while gangs gathered up the housewives' efforts.

Areas which have been getting the worst of the bombings have plenty of cause to thank the W.V.S., which represents Britain's great unpaid army of 700,000 strong.

These workers have been busy re-equipping the homeless with new clothes, food, and even new furniture.

At Westminster war-work room, Viscountess Mersey has started a new venture for the double purpose of providing clothes for the homeless and giving jobs to women badly hit by the war.

In the Midlands the Princess Royal is caring for convalescents.

She has not got her sons home from Eton for the holidays, and is lending a hand organising cricket matches for men.

There were no casualties among the blackberry pickers who were deliberately machine-gunned by the Nazis, but it is thought the light dresses of the women attracted bombers.

This is likely to bring about new fashion trends, with green for outdoors, changing to russet shades as autumn approaches, with white back in first favor as the snow lies on the ground.

Ann Sheridan
A WARNER BROTHERS STAR
IN "YEARS WITHOUT DAYS"

THERE'S ALWAYS A THRILL IN SKIN THAT'S SWEET ... AND A DAILY LUX TOILET SOAP BATH IS A WONDERFUL WAY TO MAKE SURE OF THIS CHARM. YOU'LL LOVE THE RICH LATHER, THE GENTLE, THOROUGH WAY IT CLEANSSES, THE DELICATE SWEET FRAGRANCE ...

★ This is an actual statement made by Ann Sheridan

YES... IT'S LUXURY TO BATH WITH LUX TOILET SOAP. JUST LIKE THE FILM STARS DO! DOESN'T COST A FORTUNE, EITHER... OUR WHOLE FAMILY ENJOYS IT

And Now LUX TOILET SOAP lasts longer

Indeed yes... your luxury soap now lasts and lasts! Today's Lux Toilet Soap is a new firmer tablet... much more economical for daily bathroom use. And the lather? Just as rich as before, and as creamy... the abundant lather that makes a Lux Toilet Soap bath more delightfully soothing and refreshing than any other.

You cream as you wash with Lux Toilet Soap... it's Supercreamed



SECOND NAPOLEON

The tale of a dog who brought about a major domestic revolt

Complete Short Story

by ...

GLADYS
TABER

JIM drove more slowly as he came to Bewlay Square. It was sunset, the air had a pleasant glow and a drift of pale gold leaves mellowed the lawn. The house stood, white and flat-roofed, thrusting its aggressive sun parlor forward.

"Our dream house," Lillian had called it, when she was getting Jim to sell the shares to build it. Jim's hazy vision of a small Georgian house had been disposed of immediately by Lillian. "We aren't going to be old-fashioned," she said indulgently. "Everything we have must be modern." So they had it.

Jim parked the car and went in slowly. Lillian was in the white drawing-room. With Lillian were Margery and Fred, of course. And that new painter fellow who was doing Lillian's portrait.

Jim said: "Hallo, everybody."

Margery said, laughing: "Here comes the wage-earner!"

Lillian waved carelessly and went on talking to the painter. "But after all you come back to Cezanne," she said.

Fred said, with his usual bitter tone: "Business good?" If it was good Fred was simply out of it because some other fellow was grabbing everything; if it was bad it was because nobody had brains enough to get Fred to put things on their feet.

Margery was Lillian's sister, and she and Fred had come for Christmas the year before last, when Fred lost his job. From December to December, that made a year, and now it was late autumn again.

After ten minutes Jim went upstairs to dress. He could hear a sudden shout of laughter at some remark made after he left. Jim shut the door, but the noise came in just the same.

He was forty-one, and tired. He sat down for a minute on the edge of his bed. He was still sitting there when Lillian came floating in.

She said: "Aren't you dressed yet?" and she moved to her dressing-table and opened the drawer that held so many creams and powders and lotions. Sitting down, she gave her face an absorbed gaze. "For goodness' sake, what are you just sitting there for?"

Jim sighed. "Where are we going to-night?"

"We're driving to the Grahams."

"But that's miles away."

"I suppose you'd rather stick round the house with felt slippers on," said Lillian.

Jim knew better than to cross her. "Well," he said mildly, "I only thought—"

Lillian turned, powder puff in her slender fingers. "Go on," she said. "Think of some reason to spoil the fun."

Jim got up and took his coat from the cupboard. "I'm quite ready."

"Then sit down," said Lillian. "and stop jittering around. You get on my nerves."

Jim sat down. "Lillian," he said timidly, "has Fred been looking for a job?"

Lillian rubbed in green eye-shadow. "You know, Jim, Fred can't take just any job. He can't afford to lower his position. He has to wait until something suitable comes along." She smiled. "When a man is as clever as Fred—"

Jim said hesitantly: "Well, then, Lillian, I hate to upset you, but I think we'll have to let the second maid go for a bit."

Lillian dropped her lipstick. "Jim! Jim, you mean to run this great big place with just the cook?"



"If you ever give this dog away again, I'll burn the house down," Jim said.

"Is Pierre going too?"

"I'm going to persuade Jean to let him do her portrait. He wants to do her all in greens. As an experiment."

"Like the 'Blue Boy'?"

He drove Margery to the Grahams', listening to her tale of the bridge they'd had that afternoon, and how Lillian and she had had wonderful luck, right up to the last hand, when they'd overbid and gone down on a slam bid, doubled and redoubled. "But you know how wonderful Lillian is, she told him. 'Lillian took it with such good humor.'"

Everybody knew how wonderful Lillian was. Jim had been hearing for years how wonderful Lillian was. She managed everything so well, she had so much charm, she was beautiful. She stood out in any gathering like a shining candle

flame. It was so fortunate that she had decided to marry him.

When they reached the Grahams' everybody was there, everybody who counted. Fred was shouting, slapping men on the back.

"Here comes old slow coach," said Lillian kindly. "We got here ages ago. Even with a flat tyre."

Jim said: "Tyre still flat?"

"Yes, I thought you could get somebody after we arrived."

Jim went out into the mist and changed the tyre. When he got back into the house everybody was just going out again to the Grahams' kennels to see the new puppies. Jim trailed along.

There were five puppies, cocker spaniels. Four of them were red-and-white, the fifth was solid black.

Dorothy Graham said: "And we have to give at least three away."

The four red-and-whites bounded

against the wire, but the solid black sat at a distance, staring out of solemn, sad eyes.

"What's that one shaking for?" Lillian pointed.

"He's timid," said Dorothy. "Now and then you get a timid one. You can't help it. They're generally intelligent, too, and it's a shame."

Pierre half-closed his eyes. "I could paint you," he murmured to Lillian, "in a gold dress with that black puppy in your arms—superb."

Lillian said: "Oh, Dorothy, give me that one!" She held out her hands. "Let me have him!"

Dorothy said doubtfully: "I thought you didn't like—"

But Lillian laughed gaily. "Just because I wouldn't let Jim bring home a stray—"

They went back to the house and Fred borrowed a couple of pounds from Jim for a game of poker and Lillian said yes, she had to have the adorable black thing, and Dorothy got an egg basket and a blanket, and Lillian told Jim to take the puppy in the old car in case it got car-sick. Margery finally went with someone else, and Jim drove off with the puppy in the basket on the seat beside him.

The basket shook slightly when the car started. Jim lifted the blanket and looked in. Two dark bright eyes looked back. The soft little body was shivering with fear, but when Jim put out his hand the brief tail vibrated.

"You're all right, old fellow," said Jim.

The next time he looked the puppy was car-sick; he looked like a wet, miserable rat.

"Oh, well," said Jim. He stopped the car, picked up the puppy, and did the best he could with the round, soft legs and baby stomach. "Now, look here—" he hesitated, and eyed the puppy anxiously—"look here, Napoleon, you aren't to catch cold, are you?"

Napoleon shivered; he felt like a damp sponge in Jim's hand. Jim had a good woollen scarf on; he took it off and wrapped Napoleon in it.

He said: "I always had a sneaking liking for Napoleon, the Little Corporal. But you can be Nappy for short, if you'd rather."

The puppy licked his finger. When Jim tucked him in the basket again the basket immediately became agitated, and a black nose appeared over the edge. Two forepaws followed. Then there was a scramble, the basket tilted wildly, and Napoleon crossed the Alps to Jim's lap.

"Hi, look out!" said Jim; "we'll be in the ditch. You're to stay in the—oh, well, sit there, then. But don't jiggle my arm."

Napoleon sat there.

"Where have you been?" asked Lillian.

"Just coming home with Napoleon," Jim unwound the scarf. "Do you want him in the kitchen?"

"Napoleon? Jim, are you crazy? Oh, the puppy—no, don't put him in the kitchen. Cook might leave. Just shut him in the bathroom to-night. We can get some kind of kennel or something to-morrow." She looked at Napoleon. "What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing," said Jim.

Please turn to Page 20

WOMEN in WHITE

*A further instalment of our
absorbing new serial*

DR. HAUSSMANN, famous surgeon at a big hospital, recommended for the post of junior surgeon DR. MARGARET FERRIS. Sex prejudice, exhibited mainly by DR. WILLIAM KIRKLAND, defeated this recommendation. Margaret quarrels violently with Kirkland over his attitude towards women doctors, and denounces the skill of Dr. Bates, who was appointed in her stead.

Kirkland is a brilliant diagnostician, and Margaret, despite personal animosity, sends to him PHILIP DEANE. Margaret and Kirkland necessarily confer over this case, and in so doing Kirkland gains a greater awareness of her personal background, and learns of CELIA, her old housekeeper, and of JOHN BRUCE, an admirer.

Dr. Bates operates in the course of his hospital routine on one of Margaret's patients, and the child dies. Margaret declares Bates' lack of skill was responsible, and denounces him. Kirkland implores her to retract her statements, but she refuses to act against her convictions, while thoroughly realising the damaging effects on her hospital career.

This sensation in the hospital was preceded by another—the admittance of CATHERINE MERRILL, young and rich, who had effected the rescue of a woman from a blazing car. She was Dr. Kirkland's patient.

Now read on.

DR. KIRKLAND stood in the empty office, wrestling with an impulse to give vent to all the profanity at his command. He failed miserably, and it poured forth in a robust and satisfying stream.

Miss Sanderson appeared in the doorway. "There are about twenty-five children outside listening to you, Doctor," she announced pleasantly. "If you haven't finished yet, I'll take them to a quieter and more respectable place."

"I've finished," he said. "And so is your Dr. Ferris," he added to himself. He wondered if Margaret Ferris realised that a young surgeon without a hospital is as handicapped as a duck without a pond—and about as happy. She was better off out of medicine—he was more than ever convinced of that after this morning's affair—but while she was discovering the fact for herself, it wasn't going to be pleasant to starve by degrees with a one-patient practice on Twelfth Street. Or maybe she had money and family behind her.

He could feel another stream of profanity well up within him, and his ill-temper quickened with the knowledge that his schedule had been completely disorganised because of one emotional female gone berserk. He was already an hour late on his rounds.

On the way to Catherine Merrill's room he bumped into Tony Baring. "Hi, Doc!" Tony greeted him, waving a long box of flowers which he was dutifully taking to his mother, "how's the beautiful blonde Hippocrates this morning?"

Dr. Kirkland decided that he didn't like young men with ebullient greetings. "How's who?" he remonstrated tersely.

"Mein blonden baby. You know, that Nordic she-doctor who sets my heart pitter patter."

"Oh." Dr. Kirkland's voice was rich with irony. "Dr. Ferris is doing very well this morning. Exceedingly well," he assured young Tony Baring.

He moved on down the hall, his irritation mounting. At the corridor's turn, Davidson, head of the X-ray division, intercepted him. "Oh, Doctor—I've been on the lookout for

By
**FRANKEN
MELONEY**

Illustrated by JOHN SANTRY

you. The first of those Deane pictures is through, in case you want to glance at it."

Kirkland was arrested. These technicians developed a good eye, and they almost never brought attention to initial results unless they thought they were important. "I'll take a look," he said.

The blackness of the darkroom blinded him for a moment, and then his vision accommodated to the safe-light. Davidson flashed around in a tank, and drew out a large sheet of film. Kirkland grasped it carefully by the edges. It was slippery and cold.

He held the film up. It was a story told in chiaroscuro, in light and shade, in subtle and revealing contrast. He made a small sound of surprise. But it was impossible to come to a definite conclusion. One film of one angle was not to be depended upon.

"Rush through the other pictures by this afternoon," he ordered briefly.

Davidson nodded. There was no need between them to discuss the shadow that shouldn't have been there. Davidson permitted himself but a single commentary. He said, with a trace of awe, "If the rest of the pictures bear this one out, Dr. Kirkland, the Deane chap can thank his stars. You've made the earliest diagnosis I've ever seen."

Kirkland cleared his throat. "It wasn't mine," he said.

In the hall he paused to glance at his watch. He still had the Merrill girl to see, and Mrs. Baring to look in at before noon. But his steps led him to the white-tiled examining laboratory on the floor above.

He found Deane seated on a stool, rolling down his sleeve after a blood test. Even with the knowledge of what the first X-ray picture had revealed, he marvelled anew at the man's disarming appearance of health. Had it just been luck or intuition which had caused Margaret Ferris to hit upon the truth? He was pale, yes, but it was the pallor of the office worker. Fatigue, too, was heavily laid upon his features, but it was not the depletion of illness, it was the enervation born of strain and worry.

Kirkland kept his manner carefully noncommittal. "Well, how's the breakfast setting?"

"Like wet concrete, and about as pleasant to take," Deane made a wry face. "How much longer will I be?"

"A couple of hours, I should say." (A couple of months, a year maybe, unless we can catch this thing, and catch it finally.)

Deane moved toward the telephone on the desk. "I'd better call my wife."

"But there's nothing definite to report as yet. Why not wait?"

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Margaret moved quickly to give Dr. Kirkland her place beside the bed.



Across the Frontier (No. 1)

NIGHT TRAIN TO DENMARK

THIS is the first of a series of remarkable war stories, with Captain Raeburn, member of the Secret Service, in a leading role.

LIKE angels' feathers fluttering out of the sky upon the city of Kotsberg, a million leaflets had dropped by night from British warplanes. Blackout precautions had been doubled; and pedestrians groped their way homeward through the gloom of darkened streets.

In the older quarter of the city, a man hurried along a passage and paused at the mouth of a cobbled courtyard. He listened for the sound of pursuing footsteps, but he could hear only the mutter of rain on tiled roofs, and his confidence began to return.

High gables stood dimly against the sky. Not a wisp of light was to be seen at any window. He moved across to a corner of the courtyard and slipped a thin key into a lock. His blue-tinted flashlight wavered back and forward on the stairs as he mounted cautiously to the top landing.

There was a sound of a curious double-rap. After a pause he knocked again. This time the door swung open, and he followed a man's shuffling footsteps along a passage. The room he entered was small and narrow, with a shaded lamp upon the table, and the air was thick with tobacco smoke. He unbuttoned his wet ulster and tossed it over the back of a chair.

"Good evening, Herr Geldart!" he said. He had crisp fair hair, eyes of gun-metal blue, and the high cheekbones of the Scottish Celt. "Surprised to see me?"

"Captain Raeburn!" The speaker lowered his short massive body into a chair. His voice had shown surprise, but his face was immobile.

It was a heavy dark face, the skin pendulous in creases around cheek and jaw, the lips moist and gross. He breathed audibly. But the eyes with their drooping lids, set under black wedges of brows, were of a clear hazel tint, brilliant and alert. He lit his china-bowled pipe and looked across the table at the younger man.

"For two days I've been expecting the usual visitor from Denmark," he said in slow precise English. Coming from the ponderous bulk of such a body, his voice seemed curiously soft and high-pitched.

"There's been a slip-up somewhere, Herr Geldart," said Nicol Raeburn, "so I've had to come myself. I arrived by the afternoon train."

"You found difficulties at the frontier?"

With a smile, Raeburn displayed a passport and papers. "I am Herr Steuben, at your service. From South America, with trade contracts that can be diverted to Germany. I even have the contracts to prove it. The only fake is that rubber stamp on the passport photograph. The real Herr Steuben is in an English internment camp. To-night I'll get back into Denmark if you've got your reports ready."

"They have been ready for two days," Geldart heaved himself from his chair and shuffled across the room. He returned with a long thin envelope which Raeburn slipped into an inner pocket. Then they spoke rapidly for nearly ten minutes, Geldart nodding as Raeburn emphasised the points on which fresh information was required.

"The usual sum is being paid into your account at the Swiss bank in

Copenhagen, Herr Geldart. I was told to pass word that they're very satisfied with your work at British Intelligence headquarters."

He rose; but the older man held up his hand.

"Will you give me a few minutes more, Captain Raeburn? I've got a favor to ask. Not for myself. I'm worried about a young lady who has come to live in a room across the landing."

"What kind of favor?" Raeburn inquired.

Geldart was relighting his pipe. "At Hanover, six weeks ago, she gave the Gestapo the slip. She didn't tell me this until last night. She's been lucky to last out so long in this country where there's a filed dossier for everyone."

"What have the Gestapo got against her?"

NOTHING. But suspicion is enough! The new District Leader in this area is Dr. Cesar Lotze. You've heard of him? His motto is: 'When in doubt—death!' Can you wonder there's twice been an attempt on his life? They'll get him next time! But about this young lady—I would like to help Fraulein Osmond." Beneath the heavy brows, the man's eyes had softened. "Although her mother was American, her father was an officer in the old Austrian army, so she is a citizen of the Reich—she can't leave the country."

"Is that what you're suggesting for her?"

"It's her only chance. When you're back in Denmark to-morrow morning, perhaps you can arrange something?"

"I'm afraid it can't be done," Raeburn tapped the pocket where he had placed the thin envelope. "I've got to make a quick air-hop to London."

There was a long silence. Geldart suddenly lurched from his chair and made for the door. "You will see her?"

"She knows nothing?" said Raeburn sharply. "I mean—about your business?"

"To Venetia Osmond I am old Geldart's clockmaker, nothing more," was the reply. "There were trailing footsteps in the passage, and presently he returned. 'She's coming. I want you to understand this, Captain Raeburn. When she came here, a stranger, I was a sick man—and for ten days she nursed me.'"

Raeburn shrugged. "Don't think

By AUGUSTUS MUIR

me cynical, but I can make no promises." He glanced towards the door. "You're quite sure about this young woman? It's a favorite game for Gestapo agents to pretend they're hiding from the police."

Anger smouldered for a moment in Geldart's eyes. "Are you trying to teach me my business? I can vouch for Venetia Osmond. A man can see a lot from a sick-bed."

"One takes no chances on our job," Raeburn began, when there was a gentle knock.

He got to his feet. In the dimness of the doorway, he had an impression of a slender figure and an oval



Illustrated by VIRGIL

He caught her in his arms as she dropped beside him from the train.

face with pointed chin. Shadowy eyes looked at him doubtfully.

"May I present my friend Herr Steuben," said Geldart in German. "Please sit down, Fraulein. Herr Steuben goes back to Denmark to-night. I hope he may be able to help you."

As the girl came forward into the circle of lamplight, Raeburn saw she had deep violet-blue eyes and hair of bright gold. The curved lips drooped at the corners, and when he pulled forward a chair they

in a dull monotone. "He was not guilty—I can swear that! I knew the Gestapo were watching me, and I was desperate. I tried to get south into Switzerland, but had to turn back."

Raeburn was watching her thoughtfully.

"How did you get away from Hanover, Fraulein?"

She shook her head. "I could hardly believe my good luck. . . . Here in Kotsberg I got work in a factory canteen. But last night two Gestapo men were making inquiries about me. I didn't want to trouble Herr Geldart, but he is my only friend here." Her lip trembled for a moment, and her eyes turned towards the thick-set figure humped in the armchair.

"I repeat, Fraulein, you should have told me all this weeks ago," said Geldart. "There is little time now. You see, Herr Steuben, all her money is in Paris; all her friends." On the man's coarse cheek Raeburn saw the trickle of a tear, and the heavy lips moved. "You have heard what she has to say. It's in your hands now."

The girl did not move. In the tall-backed chair she sat like a figure painted on the panel of an ancient altar-piece, but her hands were interlocked in white tension.

"I told you I could make no

promises, Herr Geldart. But I'll do what I can. In Denmark, if I can see a way of helping Fraulein Osmond over the frontier, I'll get word to you."

"There is so little time," repeated Geldart in a low voice. "It may be any day now—any hour."

Venetia Osmond had risen and was moving towards the door. "Good-bye and thank you, Herr Steuben."

The latch clicked behind her, and Raeburn gave a shrug.

"I'm sorry—desperately sorry. But frankly I don't see much hope. She'll need a special pass to get out of the country. The roads are guarded, and they're like lynxes at the frontier control stations. I'm prepared for snags myself to-night." He pulled on his ulster. "I've got the number of the phone downstairs—I'll call you before I leave on the night train if there's anything to report."

"You'll be travelling in good company," nodded Geldart. "My information is that Dr. Lotze is crossing into Denmark to-night on private business."

"The new Gauleiter of this area!" Raeburn gave a wry smile. "I'll mind my step to-night! Good-bye."

The door shut behind him.

Please turn to Page 14



Illustrated by WEP

Tumbleweed

Like a great tree uprooted, he had lost his hold on life. And so he mistrusted a new promise of tranquillity

IT was a serene, a quiet-colored little town, a town of vesper bells, of swallows darkly cleaving the moist red sunset of May. He didn't know the name of it as yet, but that didn't matter. The hills that made a rim for its sky were a stimulating change from the skeleton earth of the South Dakota Bad Lands, where he had spent the past month converting to canvas a mood of nature as insolent and gaunt as his own.

He had stopped his car at the side of the road on the crest of a hill blue with prairie anemones and had looked down into that quaint, spire-studded valley. Then he had glanced over his shoulder into the back seat of his low-slung automobile and had gravely addressed the impedimenta riding there. "It looks like the next stop, doesn't it, my friends?" His pigskin bags, his art equipment, had murmured approval and Crowne had driven on.

Now, after a brief and reproachful glance towards what proclaimed itself as Hotel La Grande, he permitted the long grey car to drift almost soundlessly up before a filling station.

"What's the name of this town?" he asked while the attendant, with the reverent awe that still pleased Crowne, stood waiting for the gasoline tank to fill.

The man stared, hurt a little.

"This is Blue Hill. You ought to have heard about it. This is where they bring over all them Dutch settlers fifteen years back. It's one of the State's experiment towns. We grow celery."

Oh, we do, Crowne thought. Celery was the thing Lenore had grown thin on—that and Melba toast and dancing all night with Burton. Well, there was no use in being morbid about celery. He still liked the place, except for the Hotel La Grande.

"Could you tell me a good place to board around here?"

"Well, there's the Hotel La—"

"I saw it," said Crowne. "I mean, eat and sleep."

The man had it in him to grin. "I get you. You see, it's like this around here, everybody has their own home and we don't have very many strangers come. Salesmen or anything like that. Because we're mostly Dutch and we don't go in for anything fancy. We grow tulips some, and celery, and—"

"It's nice that you grow tulips," Crowne observed. "She could never stand tulips because they had a sort of waxy independence. She couldn't get at them."

"Who couldn't?" the man asked with suspicion.

Dreamily Crowne said, "A woman I knew once. A thousand years ago. She was married to an artist who was not so modern. Although he was an artist he actually believed in such prosaic things as fidelity and the sanctity of the home. He had a home, too—a nice one, in

Westport, Connecticut. He had paid for it by the sweat of his brow—his canvas, maybe. It was his roots. But his roots were pulled up rather crudely—"

"Maybe you better stay at the Hotel La Grande," the service man suggested uneasily, glancing about him.

"You were telling me," Crowne broke in, "that there are some people around here who will take in a boarder?"

"I don't know as I told you," the man replied, guardedly.

"Where do I find them?"

With the air of one who has begun to doubt the soundness of his own faculties, the attendant jerked a nervous thumb over his shoulder.

"Two miles down this here road," he said.

"It says Van Praag on the galepost."

"Thanks," said Crowne. "What do I owe you?"

Rosie Van Praag, walking in slow sweet abstraction, came up from the long row of cold frames at the back of her father's house. Beyond the frames stretched the darkening spring fields, ready and warm, and beyond the fields were the hills mantled in blue twilight. Rosie was aware of a causeless rapture.

It was the kind of evening when something deliriously joyful ought to happen. Of course it wouldn't, because nothing ever did, although she had had this pulsing sense of anticipation many times before.

Henry, her small noisy brother, came tearing down the path between the heavily white spiraea bushes, shouting at her incoherently. She frowned towards him in distaste.

"You oughta see, Rosie, what's come!" he panted. "Ma wants you in right away!"

To Rosie, this twelve-year-old Van Praag had always seemed a kind of human apple, bursting, red and round. She was fortunate in taking after her mother, who was tall and supple still, after having borne five children.

"What is it—a fire?" Rosie asked loftily. "If it is—I'll stay out here."

"Shucks! You just oughta see his car! Kip an' me drug his stuff out of it for him. And he's got a radio in it, and—"

"Who's this?"

"He asked if he could board awhile. He's awful tall and funny-lookin', as if he's just gonna bust out laughin'."

Please turn to Page 28

Jay lunged himself forward to protect Rosina, as the branches whirled about them.

GAY TOUCHES . . . early gesture to Spring

Ultra-flattering little hats and whopping bags guaranteed to send your spirits soaring.

• These are the engaging models you will wear now with your slim tailleurs . . . and later, too, with sunny print frocks. There's nothing like a light-hearted splash of color to put you in that summer-is-nearly-here mood.



• Blue kidskin sailor with striped taffeta swirled round the high crown and about the throat. Matching stripe for the tubular bag, with sturdy blue kidskin ends and gold cord.



• A tiny, high-crowned fedora with brim of purple antelope and crown repeating the vivacious plaid of the wool suit.



• Tailored top, featuring the popular new squashed crown, with brown brim and green crown to match up with the huge green kidskin over-the-shoulder handbag with strap caught into a gold metal buckle.



• A trimly-tailored hat in red-and-white checked wool to match the button-up blouse is banded with the same blue as the suit.

• The favorite halo style in violet-blue grosgrain, worn way back on the head and forming a charming frame for young faces. The crown is a width of the ribbon revealing the hair and ending in a looped streamer.

Rein

WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY



● Ready for travelling in a versatile two-piece suit of cool, wrinkle-resisting navy linen, with swinging, pleated skirt and short-sleeved, trim-fitting jacket. The tiny sailor is made of white pique to match the revers and hand-bag. In case of chilly weather she carries a finger-tip-length reeler-coat of red woollen.

● Smart and decorative for active or spectator sports—a skirt of white silk jersey, which achieves fullness from unpressed pleats. To add a fiesta note of color it is topped by a button-down-the-front sweater, featuring the effective contrast of red, white, and blue in signal-flag blocks. (Above centre.)



● Youthful evening style with the simplicity you will want for a country dance — and the chic you demand when you get back to the city. The slim, rayon satin overblouse is striped in violet, green, and pale primrose, and is sobered with a wide skirt of white pique. (Above.)

(Above.)

● Designed for the girl who enjoys doing a bit of honest-to-goodness work on the farm—quaint, boyish overalls made of heavy ticking in navy and white stripes, and worn with a cool, white, cotton-knit shirt. (Left.)



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★ LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS ★

Sketched by PETROV

Sent from London by MARY ST. CLAIRE



• (5) "Duster" hat in checked gingham twisted into a tight little pillbox, and a great, snood-like swathe of fabric curtaining the hair.

• (6) An ideal hat style for women with short-cropped hair. The forward-tilted cap is anchored with a coarse snood which keeps curls in check.

• (7) For formal dinner dates Londoners are topping sophisticated frocks with engaging haloes of flowers affixed to a band of matching velvet.

HEADS TURN TO ADMIRE THE

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A clear and petal-smooth complexion is a woman's greatest charm—so use Rexona Soap regularly to keep blemishes away. If you are already worried with pimples, blackheads or other skin faults, your need of Rexona is even greater! For Rexona alone contains Cady, a special compound of medications that gets to the very depths of the pores, gently drawing away the germ-laden dust that causes blemishes. Rexona keeps your skin fresh, clear, naturally lovely.

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• (2) An exotic sweater style to finish the winter. The saddle shoulder and sleeves in fluffy angora are dark green, while the body of the sweater is in a tweed mixture wool, combining white, green, and beige.

• (3) This season big, bright pieces of jewellery achieve greater distinction than ever. To offset a simple frock is this forty-five-inch rope of immense, pearly-white plastic beads, which drapes right to the hips.

• (4) Newest evening news from Schiaparelli is this choir-boy surplice of starched white linen and lace, fastened with a gilt tassel and worn over a sheath gown.

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F3167



F3169

F3169.—Button-up, princess style with slim waistline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F2001.—Stripes cleverly used in a smart jumper blouse. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.



F2002

F2002.—Glamorous evening style with long waist and full skirt and quaint pocket effect. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 6 yds., 36 ins. wide, and 2 yds. for jacket. Pattern, 1/6.



F3164

F3164.—Spotted frock with side fullness and smart sleeve treatment. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F3131.—Soft gathering highlights this dressy day frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F3165.—Full-skirted floral with high-waisted effect and gathered bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F3167.—Jacket frock featuring smart, two-toned effect. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36 ins. wide, and 1½ yds. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

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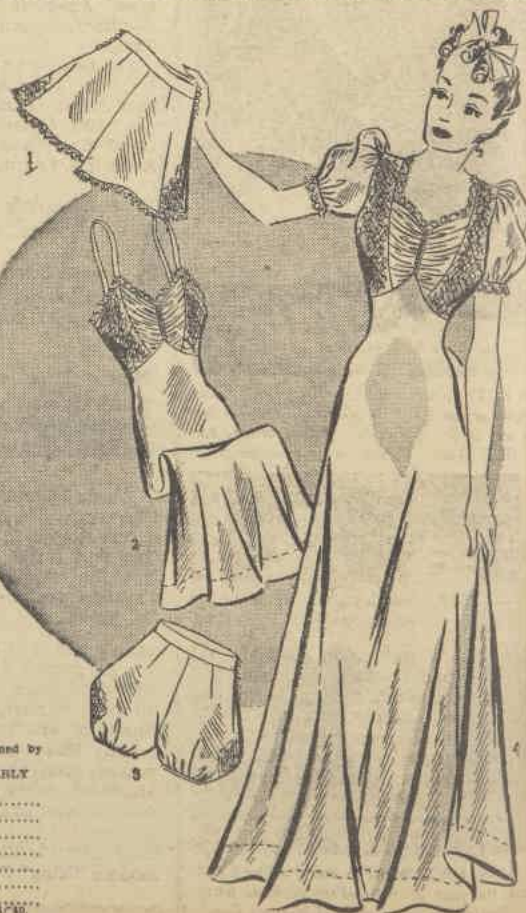
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Gottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• MANNEQUIN Val Ashcroft and golfer Barbara Crago smile for camera at University Girls' Training Camp on the Nepean.



• JOY MINNETT in workmanlike overalls peels potatoes for lunch at University students' camp.



• BUSY war and charity worker Alicia Inglis arrives at Trocadero for fashion tea in aid of St. Vincent's. Also working for Boys' Town concert on September 5.



• MRS. DICK WILLIS and Pauline Crick look the part at All-in-Fun cocktail party Romano's in aid of Lord Mayor's Fund.

Not so American ...

OFTEN intended asking Americans how American teas (bring a gift and buy a gift) originated. But when I drop in at American women's bridge afternoon at Australian Golf Club, Mrs. Charlie Brown gets in first with, "Say, can any Australian tell me what are those American teas you hold?"

Seems that there is nothing American about American teas ... "We never hold teas in the States," says Mrs. Brown. "Refreshments, we call them."

Such a crowd at card party that clubrooms and verandahs packed to capacity. Proceeds for Lord Mayor's Fund and Red Cross swelled by stall of luscious cookies.

Mrs. Maurice Samuels is treasurer. Playing are Mesdames Chick Bouvet, Russell Hauslaib, A. C. Berk, Albert Doyle, Dick Hawkins, Dick Pye, Fred Allen, Earl Walker, Paul Brown. Also Lorna Marsden, Shirley and Betty Burch, Val Cary.

Story-book name ...

MARVELLOUS reception for self-possessed, 19-year-old violinist Lyndall Hendrickson, co-starring with Beecham at Town Hall. Find myself during Mendelssohn concerto wondering if Lyndall, like the Terry Abbotts' infant, was named after heroine of "Story of an African Farm" — that best-seller of our mother's day. Later find it is so.

Audience simply bristling with well-known musical artists ... Maria Markan accompanies the Claude Plowmans; Harold Williams arrives with one of his twins. Locals include Alice Prowse, just returned from American successes, Eunice Gardiner, Daphne Harpur, Beatrice Tange.

Rendezvousing in foyer at interval I glimpse Flo Sim, in scarlet velvet, with Aylwin Marsh and Betty McCoy.

Mrs. Malcolm Mackellar, Mrs. Geoff Plater and sister, Pam Pring, Anne Hill, and the Fairfax coterie.

They catch the eye ...

TINY jewelled Union Jack brooch just brought back from Canada by Mrs. A. Jones.

Marie Burke's mappie taffeta frock is formed of wide black and white stripes.

More like a fete ...

THERE'S more to Sir George Julius' Model City Exhibition than meets the eye. So many other sideshows also being erected in David Jones' store it sounds more like a fete to me.

The tireless Mrs. Cecil Johnson is on the job again—darts, this time. Mesdames John Turnbull and F. Chopin are in charge of lucky-dips, and Mrs. Lillian Croll persuades everyone to "put money in the barrel, and if it goes in right place you get more." I've yet to see it find that right place ... however, it will all help Kindergarten Union, Day Nurseries, and Lord Mayor's Fund.

Lady Wakehurst declares viewing season open this Tuesday at late afternoon party. From 5 till 8.30, Army, Navy, and Air Force will be represented by Lieut.-General Miles, Rear-Admiral Grace, and Air-Commodore "King" Cole.

Grand farewell ...

"WHAT a day!" gasps Helen Kirsova when last guests leave after lingering farewells to Covent Garden Ballet members. Since early morning she has given lessons and prepared buffet for 200 guests who crowd studio from 5 p.m. onwards.

Loudon Sainthill also works at top pressure to design and arrange studio curtains—striking design of blue and yellow dancing figures on white ground.

When I ask Kirsova earlier in the day who will be at party, she says, "All ballet and their Sydney friends" ... later revealed as majority of consular corps, Faith Onslow, Margaret Fielding Jones, Betty Fairfax, Ewan Murray Will, and hosts of other first-nighters.

Young hostesses ...

KAMBALA girls increase their school charities fund with dance on Thursday for 70 guests at the school. Only those 15 and over allowed to attend. Exciting day for them ... preparing supper and decorations. Beatrice Hart, president of committee, is hostess. Edna Monk, secretary.

Any offers? ...

WANTED ... one piano or pianola.

For 2/5th Field Regiment recreation-room at Ingleburn Camp. Major Courtney tells me he has plenty of talent going to waste among the men, but no piano.

Majors Courtney, O'Neill, Watchorn, and Colonel Ingate roll up to card party held at Carlton in aid of regiment's comforts fund.

About £90 raised. Regiment benefits also by large cake iced in their colors—red and blue. Won by Captain Ross Strang.

Among crowd of players and helpers are Mesdames C. Ingate, Royce Shannon, Wyndham Rofe, Alec Leventhal, Theo Horton, Mick Bardsley, Lance Geddings, Septimus Smith.

Spy Mrs. John Todd, who tells me her chief claim to fame these days is £500 fur coat her husband won recently. Seems the Todds are lucky that way ... often win things.

Two brides assisting (they were married on same day last month) are Mrs. Alec Rofe (Marie Horton) and Mrs. Peter Leslie (Marion Johns). Marie's brothers, George and Bing, also in 2/5th.

Did you know? ...

RED CROSS bridge party being arranged by Mrs. Lex Albert and Mrs. Sam Hordern is on September 21 ... by invitation.

Judith Williams arrives from Melbourne at 2.10 p.m. and weds Lieut. John Morris at 5 p.m. at St. James', King Street.

Lady Fisk, recuperating from measles, is now helping organise cocktails for A.I.F. Signals Comforts Fund to be held at Trocadero this Friday.

Olga Philippoff returns from Kosciuszko with "almost black" snow tan. Added excitement to holiday by getting caught in blizzard.

Marjorie Smith is wearing diamond solitaire ... presented by fiancé Aubrey Holt, of Melbourne.



• THE JOKE was Mr. Roy Howard's check shirts. Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones and Mr. Howard photographed at Government's reception for visiting American journalists.



• "SO YOU THINK it's cold in Sydney?" said singer Alice Prowse, and promptly produced this snap of herself taken recently in New York.



• NO POKER FACES for Mrs. L. Chatfield and Mrs. Monty Stafford when they get a good hand at Mrs. John Keep's party for R.A.A.F. comforts.



• OFF TO RECEPTION ... best man Ivor McIvor helps bridesmaid Betty Drury into limousine after McKee-Drury wedding at All Saints'.

Night Train to Denmark

Continued from Page 7

IT was not Dr. Cesar Lotze who was in his thoughts; it was Geldart and the girl Venetia Osmond. At Intelligence Headquarters, the old clockmaker was accounted one of their best men in western Germany. Swiss by extraction, he had lived nearly all his life in Kitzberg. He knew the dark currents below the surface of civilian life; he had contacts with silent revolutionary movements; and he played his own quiet game with skill. It was unlike him to take a risk on another person's behalf; that stony heart must have been touched by the girl's care of him.

In the darkened streets her face haunted Raeburn. He reproached himself for having suggested to Geldart that behind her solitude there had been other motives. One glance at her was enough to dissipate that wild suspicion. Picturing her in the grip of the Gestapo brought a poignant tingle to his nerves. Could nothing be done—even at some risk to himself? A shimmer of glass indicated a telephone kiosk on the street, and he stepped in to hunt for the address he wanted.

Back on the kerb, he weighed the chances. There was a risk—a bigger risk than he was justified in taking. But in Denmark to-morrow he would be saving every split second to get back to London; a move to-night was the only hope. He crossed to the solitary taxicab on the rank and gave an address.

At a tall sedate house in a quiet street the door was opened by an elderly manservant.

"I want to see Dr. Lotze on urgent business."

But the servant shook his head. "It is impossible to see Dr. Lotze now—he leaves in an hour's time."

"I must see him," Raeburn insisted, scribbling a few words on a visiting card. "Take this to him."

In the hall there was subdued talk, and a police officer stepped to the door.

"Why do you want to see the Gauleiter at this hour?"

"Because I leave to-night. I can help Dr. Lotze in England."

"In England?" The icy grey eyes

were thoughtful. "One moment." When the police officer returned he gave a nod. "Come this way. The Gauleiter is pressed for time, but he'll see you."

Upstairs in a big book-lined room Raeburn found himself in front of a tall man with a thick neck and a big-boned ruddy face. His small black eyes snapped with impatience.

"Here are my credentials, Dr. Lotze," Raeburn pushed some papers across the table. "And these are trade contracts we're planning to divert to Germany's use. I'm going back into Denmark to-night to complete them."

"I can't discuss them now," said the Gauleiter shortly.

"It's another matter I've come about, Herr Doktor. After these trade deals are out of the way, I propose that I go into England."

"You can get into England—with safety!" The man's brows were raised. He looked at the visiting card before him. "Explain, Herr Steuben."

"I think I can be useful to you there," Raeburn was smiling. "But perhaps you'd rather I got into direct touch with Intelligence Headquarters in Berlin?"

"Sit down, Herr Steuben. What suggestion have you to make?"

"Several. Through my friends in England I can find the day and hour when convoys leave British ports. Need I give you details now? My time is short; I'm going back by the night train into Denmark."

The man glanced at the tiny clock in front of him. "Business takes me into Denmark to-night also, Herr Steuben. I can't spare many minutes now. We'd better discuss this on the train."

Raeburn's heart gave a jump of elation, but he bowed stiffly.

"Thank you, Herr Doktor. My secretary will be with me—I brought her because she's got those trade contracts at her finger-tips."

Dr. Lotze gave a nod of dismissal. "Wait for me at the station entrance at five minutes to ten."

In a telephone kiosk, Raeburn talked rapidly to Geldart. A matter of broken thanks came over the wire as he rang off. Sipping coffee in a corner of the station restaurant, he tried to analyse the impulse that had sent him on this course of action.

Towards Herr Geldart his feelings were untinged by sentiment. Venetia Osmond? If he had been introduced to her at a supper dance in a London restaurant, he would have been attracted by the mystery behind the facade of her uncommon beauty; but his Scots reserve would have prevented him from making a fool of himself over a mere stranger. Was he making a fool of himself now? It was folly of a pretty grim kind! There was that long thin envelope which must reach a certain Whitehall office within twenty-four hours.

Near the station entrance the girl met him punctually at a quarter to ten.

"You got away without any fuss?" he asked. He could feel a tremor in the gloved hand that rested for a moment in his own.

"They won't know till to-morrow that I've gone. Herr Geldart arranged it."

"Good. You must keep a cool head. There isn't much time, so listen! You're my confidential secretary. I've come from South America to transfer trade contracts to Germany's use. Got that? I'm going back into Denmark to meet a big financier. As my secretary, Fraulein, you're supposed to be a pretty smart girl."

He heard her soft laughter; that she could laugh so near the zero hour was comforting.

"Herr Geldart warned you we're travelling with Dr. Lotze?" he queried. "Without a pass, your only chance of getting through is under the wing of some big official. I knew Lotze was travelling to-

night, and I counted on his wanting to discuss a certain matter with me on the train. He's swallowed the bait."

"But at the frontier—" she began and he slipped his hand through her arm.

"Leave that to me, Fraulein. Your plan in the train is to keep quiet—pretend to sleep." As they talked in low tones, he was watching the clock. The minute hand drew near to ten. Lotze was late, he thought anxiously, when he heard a voice behind him: "Herr Steuben?"

"Yes."

"A message from Herr G. You must not travel to-night. He has just had word—from the train an attempt is to be made on the life of Dr. Lotze. Do you understand?"

Before Raeburn could gather his senses, the porter had gone; and his fingers tightened on the girl's arm.

"You heard that, Fraulein?" He picked up his valise and her small bag. "Come on. Here's a taxi—we'll take it."

But it was a long low limousine that glided up, and the man who stepped out was Dr. Lotze.

Raeburn turned swiftly aside, but the Gauleiter's quick eye had fastened upon him. "This way, Herr Steuben," he said sharply. "Your luggage can go with mine."

Raeburn made a rapid decision. "I'm afraid I can't travel to-night, Dr. Lotze. My secretary tells me she's made a blunder. Our passports and papers are in the luggage I've left back at my hotel."

Dr. Lotze exhaled a breath of harsh impatience. "But we must discuss our business to-night! It can't wait—I want to phone Berlin about it on my return to-morrow."

"My regrets! How can we travel without our papers?"

"They can be sent on!" said Lotze angrily. "Is my word not enough at the frontier station? This way, Herr Steuben."

A railway official had stepped forward. To make a move now was to invite discovery. They were ushered through a special barrier to a reserved compartment at the front of the train. Raeburn's throat was dry. Coffee was placed on the folding table, and he was glad to gulp down the hot liquid as the train moved out of the station.

"We'll talk things over in a few minutes, Herr Steuben." Dr. Lotze opened a large attache case and spread some papers on the table between them. In her own corner Venetia Osmond lay back with closed eyes.

"She's asleep?" said Lotze presently, staring at the slender inert figure. The girl's lips were slightly parted; a red-gold curl gleamed against the whiteness of her cheek.

"She's tired out, Herr Doktor. But we can talk for she knows my plans. In fact, I'm counting on her for help."

Lotze nodded. "How do you propose to get into England, Herr Steuben?" he asked abruptly.

"I can arrange it in Copenhagen."

"You know England well?"

"I spent some years there. I've got friends who can get me information—at a price."

"You understand the position, I hope. You pay for this information yourself."

"Yes, I know that," Raeburn said slowly. "I may have to pay heavily, so I'll expect a generous fee from Berlin. They pay in advance?"

There was a curl on the protruding lips.

"Payment is on results; my friend, and the value of the results are decided on by one man."

Raeburn shrugged. "If that's usual, I suppose I can't complain."

"How can you get your messages through Copenhagen?"

"That's where my secretary will be useful, Herr Doktor."

Dr. Lotze's small black eyes were hard, inimical, and another question was on his lips when the door of the compartment was pushed open. The man who saluted the Gauleiter wore the rank-badges of a police Obermeister.

There was a rapid whispered conversation, and the officer withdrew. Raeburn gave a gasp, for Lotze was sitting stiffly in his corner, his white heavy hands clenched on the table before him. The man's face had now a sickly pallor. At the edge of the drawn blind one could see the erect figure of the Obermeister in the corridor. They had got wind of the projected attempt on Lotze's life! From the tail of his eye Raeburn noted that Venetia Osmond lay back on the cushions as if she were still relaxed in sleep. Had she gathered the import of that whispered talk? If so, she gave no hint of it.

With twitching fingers Lotze sifted among the papers in his case. He was making a futile pretence at concentration, and for an hour he did not speak. His huge form seemed to have shrunk, and bright pinpoints of moisture were on his forehead. When the train at last began to slow down at the frontier station, his eyes were on the door as if to reassure himself that the Obermeister was still on guard.

Raeburn contrived to yawn. "Do you think there will be a long halt to-night, Herr Doktor?"

"Yes." Lotze moistened his lips. "The Gestapo have been searching the train for an assassin. We won't leave for the frontier till he's found."

The train jerked to a stop. Voices of control officers could be heard in the corridor; rapid questions came from the next compartment. Dr. Lotze crossed to the door and turned it back a couple of inches. "Keep all officials out of here," he growled at the Obermeister. "These are my orders. This door must not be opened while the train is in the station."

"I hope the Gestapo find their man," commented Raeburn. "Is he trying to slip across the frontier?"

Please turn to Page 16

Catarrh Cleared

★ Your digestion, upset by modern diet, fails to extract blood-purifying minerals from food. Dietitians recommend COLOSEPTIC to combat this condition. COLOSEPTIC cleanses the colon of poisonous waste, supplying the essential vital minerals at the same time. Thus the basic cause of clogging, poisonous catarrh is removed. You swiftly regain vigorous health. COLOSEPTIC, 2/6 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3418R, G.P.O., Sydney.

SEE HOW FAST THESE RICH NEW RINSO SUDS CHASE OUT THE DIRT!

THERE'S REAL WHITENESS! NEW RINSO WORKS WONDERS!

AND RINSO KEEPS COLOURS VIVID! SILKS AND WOOLLIES WONDERFULLY NEW-LOOKING!

RINSO TAKES THE WORK OUT OF WASHING-UP. KEEP AN EXTRA PACKET IN THE KITCHEN!

Rinso
GIVES THICKER RICHER SUDS

NEW IMPROVED RINSO in the BIG PACKET

A New Rinso wash is the quickest, easiest, cleanest on record! The moment Rinso's rich, fine-bubble suds touch the clothes they go to work—and stay piled up till every speck of dirtiness has gone. No extras to add! No hard rubbing to be done!

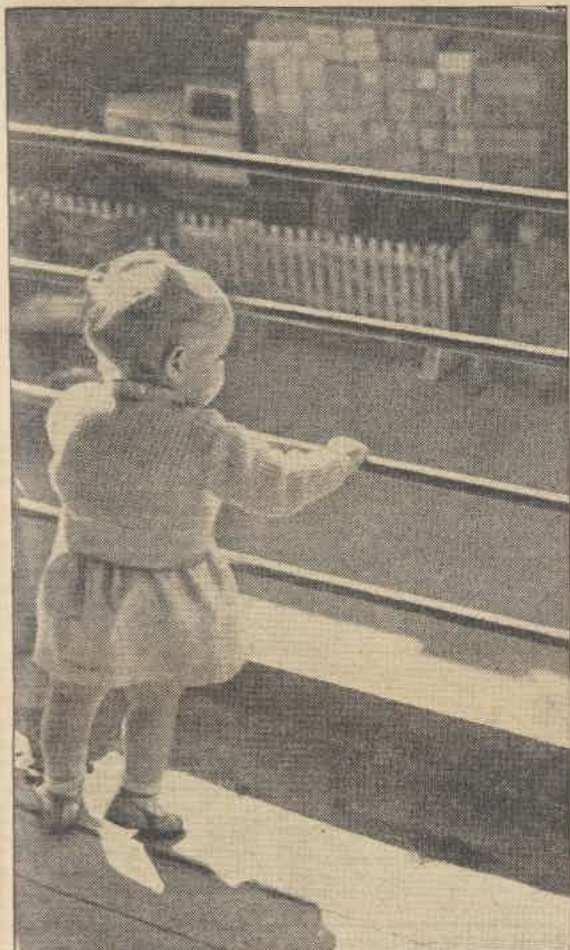
A LEVER PRODUCT

4307/37

They're safe now!

Young Arrivals from the war zones

THESE four lovely studies are poignant evidence of the state of the world but a heartening reminder of the comparative safety of our own land. The youngsters are four of the hundreds of British children from England and Hongkong who have come to Australia for safety.



INQUISITIVE. Ann Easterbrook, 11 months, looks out to compare Australia with the home she left behind in Hongkong.



RESOURCEFUL. Donald Row, 6½, who came from England with young evacuees in the first ship that brought children to Australia, tries to cope with his baggage outside his new home.



PATIENT. June Pettengell, 7½, waiting patiently on the wharf while her mother coped with the Customs authorities. June came with others from the Hongkong danger zone.



INTERESTED. Ruth Kerridge, who travelled from Edinburgh with relatives and her dolls, is going to live at Canberra.

Bronchial COUGH



**Just a Few Sips—and
Like a Flash—Relief!**

Spend 2/3 to-day at chemist or store for a bottle of **Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture** (triple acting) — by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardily cold Canada — take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long... One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way" — continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

**Buckley's
CANADIOL
MIXTURE**

"No; he's on this train—for another purpose." Lotze braced back his massive shoulders, but his face wore a distorted smile. "Ah, so the Fraulein is awake!"

"Forgive me, Herr Doktor—I am very tired."

With a sigh, the girl closed her eyes again.

The passing minutes were like a lifetime. When Dr. Lotze got up and hastily pulled on his overcoat Raeburn thought that the man had decided to get off the train here at the frontier station. But he slumped down in his seat again, his hands thrust deep in his coat pockets. The Gauleiter's firm-lipped confidence had gone; he sat huddled together as if a chill had struck deep into his body, and his eyes darted to the door each time the shuffle of feet could be heard in the corridor.

Raeburn's discomfort increased. He could picture the searching scrutiny of the Gestapo men as each passenger was examined; it was only Dr. Lotze's order to the Obermeister that was keeping them out of this compartment. As he looked again at Venetia Osmond he could hardly believe that she hadn't fallen placidly asleep, and he felt a strange little thrill of admiration at the way she was gripping herself in those slow-moving minutes of ordeal.

"It's a long wait we're making to-night, Herr Doktor," Raeburn remarked, dropping the Kotsberg evening newspaper he had been attempting to read.

"We'll wait here till morning if need be!" Lotze jerked out. "I've given orders. We don't cross the frontier till the Gestapo have taken the man they're hunting for."

Raeburn nodded. "Are they expecting trouble on this train?"

"Expecting it? They know it for a certainty. When we slowed down

at the junction a couple of them jumped on board with the information." He drew his handkerchief across his forehead, and then caught his breath as the corridor door was pushed open.

"They've got him, Herr Doktor!" The police officer pointed to the struggling figure that was being dragged down to the platform.

Lotze's relief showed in a long gasp. "Thank you, Obermeister. You leave the train here? Good night!"

The man saluted and withdrew. The door across the corridor slammed; other doors were shut as the control officers stepped off the train.

"We won't be long now, Herr Steuben. Three miles to the frontier." With a comfortable sigh, Dr. Lotze lit a cigar and lay back. "Our talk was interrupted, my friend. We were speaking about your secretary. Do you propose to leave her at Copenhagen when you go into England?"

"Yes. My information will come through a London business firm. She's got a friend in their Copenhagen agency."

The small dark eyes rested upon her. "She'll travel often to Kotsberg? She'd better report to me personally."

"As you wish, Herr Doktor. But of course it will depend on how often I can get information through from England."

A thin straight lance of smoke rose from the man's cigar. Fascinated, Raeburn watched it curl into spirals as Dr. Lotze paused and then leaned forward.

"Tell me this, Herr Steuben. How

Night Train to Denmark

Continued from Page 14

can you find the dates when convoys leave British ports?"

"My plans are quite simple. Need I go into details?"

Lotze was watching him out of half-closed eyes. "Let me tell you something, Herr Steuben. Ten days ago there was an unfortunate accident which involved the death of a certain man in an English seaport town. He had been selling us false information about convoy dates. To accept pay from both sides is the most dangerous game an agent can play."

Raeburn laughed. "Is that a warning?"

"What is the name of the Copenhagen agency you mention, Herr Steuben? We're still within the frontiers of the Reich. If I'm not satisfied, there's time to send you back."

"Faraday and Company," replied Raeburn promptly, giving the first name that came into his head.

Dr. Lotze examined a typewritten sheet of foolscap from his attache case. His frigid look changed to one of frank suspicion. "There's no English agency of that name in Copenhagen. You must think again."

Raeburn's mouth had gone parched. Here was a piece of devilish luck. "Faraday is the London firm," he insisted. "They have a Danish agent in Copenhagen."

"Plausible—but no doubt equally untrue. May I see the trade contracts you showed me this evening?"

His finger was on the button of the electric bell at his side. "You're clever, my young friend—but not clever enough." His voice was rising in anger; there was an ugly gleam in his eyes.

It was a sudden movement from Venetia Osmond's side of the compartment that made him jerk round. The girl was on her feet. Her carefully assumed air of lassitude was gone. Raeburn found himself looking into the mouth of the small plated revolver in her hand.

"One moment, Herr Doktor," she said quietly. "There were two assassins on this train to-night—they've only got one of them." Her hand went up to the communication-cord and pulled it down. "This train must go back to the control station. When the guard comes along will you give him the order?"

Lotze's mouth opened. "Who the devil are you?" he gasped.

"I bluffed him into taking me with him, Herr Doktor. I've been watching a friend of his for days. The weapon in her hand was steady. 'Get out of this compartment, Herr Steuben—or whatever your name is. Quick!'"

Raeburn stared at her, incredulous—stared at the firm eyes, the resolute mouth.

Rumbling across a bridge, the train slowed to a stop. As Raeburn went into the corridor, he could feel the muzzle of his revolver pressed into his back. Doors were being opened, questions asked.

"Stand along there!" the girl ordered.

As he moved a few yards down the passage, he tried to collect his thoughts. But his mind was blank. For a few moments, fire and ice seemed to have mingled within him in a quick mad ferment; but now only the numbing frigidly of ice remained.

And then he knew the truth. For as the train jarred and halted, he heard Venetia Osmond's revealing whisper:

"The door—jump for it!" He caught her in his arms as she dropped beside him on the track, and ten minutes later they lay panting in the darkness of a wood. In the distance they could hear the train restarting. Raeburn was the first to scramble up.

"Thank God!" The night wind was cool on his brow, and he drew in long deep breaths. He helped the girl to her feet and put his hands gently on her shoulders.

"I'm going to thank you for that later—there's no time now. We can't be far from the frontier. We've got to get through the sentries. I must warn you, my child, it's lined with German pickets. Ready?"

Her laugh startled him; it was a laugh that a sob cut short. "Didn't you hear—that rumble of the train on the bridge? Dr. Lotze was just too late! We're across the frontier—we're safe—safe, both of us..."

He checked a shout of quick elation. The blood was pounding in his ears; and out of the tangle of his emotions something broke free. When he groped for her hands in the dark he found she still held the revolver.

Turning, she flung it from her with all her strength.

"I meant to use that to-night, but I hadn't the nerve—I was a coward!" Her voice shook, and she broke down utterly.

"Steady, my dear," he whispered. "Tell me about it." He put comforting arms round her shaking body.

"I was a coward!" Her face was crushed against his shoulder, and then of a sudden her words came calmly. "The man who ordered the execution of my brother in Hanover was—Dr. Cesar Lotze!"

(Another story in this series will appear in next week's issue.)

(Copyright)



**Magic Control
WHERE IT IS
MOST NEEDED**

at the FRONT

at the HIPS

at the BACK

This photograph shows
how a front-lacing Berlei
works wonders with
a "problem" figure.

Take years off your figure with a front-lacing

See what this Front-lacing Berlei does for the woman who is rather big below the waist. It gives a smooth unbroken back-line. A beautifully flat front line is assured by adjustable lacing and the firmly boned panel beneath. Hips are reduced by as much as three inches immediately—and gentle massage action continues to slim you as you wear it. The improvement can be truly remarkable!

Berlei

the practical Foundation of Beauty

*As she dreamed
her hands became softer
and whiter!*

"I can't help feeling proud of my smooth, white hands now," says Miss M. Roantree, of 10 Prospect Avenue, Cromorne, "because it's only a few months since they were so rough and chapped that I thought I'd never be able to get them looking nice again. I'd tried all sorts of hand lotions—but they were so sticky, felt awful. Then my chemist recommended Pond's Hand Lotion, and what a difference that has made! Pond's is beautifully soothing and soft—it's not the least bit sticky—so I use it regularly every time I wash, and before going to bed at night. And look at my hands now! It's a thrill to see them looking so soft and white."

**Hands are robbed of
beauty every day!**

Think of it! Every day housework, washing up, typing, or just being out in the sun and wind—all these things are robbing your hands of beauty. That's why it's so important to give your hands daily protection with Pond's Hand Lotion. Use Pond's every time

you wash and before bed at night. Pond's Hand Lotion has special softening and whitening ingredients which get to work the minute it's applied. It feels silky and soothing on your hands. And Pond's is so rich, concentrated, you actually need less of this creamy hand lotion. It's a saving to use Pond's!

**Do this every night for
soft, white hands.**

Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After a few nights of this treatment you'll be thrilled to see how much whiter and softer your hands are. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/- at all stores and chemists and 1/6 for economical large bottles containing more than twice as much.



MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I mixed them so the onions will make the potatoes' eyes water, and I won't have to worry about rain."

SOME NEW LAUGHS

Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen.



"Have you in your worthless life done one good deed?"

"Yes, saved you from becoming an old maid."



"She has a brilliant mind."
"Yes, about a thousand scandal power."



RECRUITING OFFICER: What's your age?

EX-DIGGER: Thirty-seven, sir.

RECRUITING OFFICER: Your age, I asked, not your chest measurement.

Pimples Rash
and Eczema

Quickly Yield To

Zam-Buk

If you have a rash, or a blotchy skin, or even stubborn eczema, don't fail to use Zam-Buk—in fact, don't neglect any skin trouble, however slight—just let Zam-Buk Ointment put it right.

Zam-Buk has been successfully used in millions of homes for half a century and it contains refined herbal oils which are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus Zam-Buk soothes away pain and irritation, kills disease germs, allays inflammation and gives you

A Smooth, Healthy Skin

So be sure to use Zam-Buk for all skin troubles.

Zam-Buk is unequalled for eczema, pimples, psoriasis, impetigo, bed legs, poisoned wounds, scalp trouble, etc. Excellent, too, for sore, tired or aching feet and as a first-aid for cuts, bruises, burns and other injuries. Always keep Zam-Buk handy.



"The eczema on my leg burned and itched terribly. I couldn't bear anything to touch my skin, it was so inflamed. But Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief, gradually removed the eczema and made my leg healthy."—Mrs. M. McGarry.

1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"DAD, what is a bigamist?"

"A man who makes the same mistake twice."

"I HAVE been mixed up with motor cars ever since I left school."

"Mechanic or pedestrian?"

"MUMMY, is it dinner time?"

"Not yet, dear."

"Then my tummy's fast."

MRS. SMITH (engaging new maid): Everything in the house is run by electricity.

Maid: I quite believe you, madam. The wages you offer have already given me a shock.

"EVERY night I have the same terrible dream: I fall into the water and struggle in despair until I am bathed in perspiration. Then I wake up. What can I do about it?"

"Learn to swim."

"MAY I have next Monday off?"

asked the old employee.

"Why?" demanded the boss.

"It's my silver wedding anniversary, sir."

"What! Are we going to have to put up with this every twenty-five years?"

"HEY, waiter, this steak is burnt black!"

"Yes, sir, a mark of respect; our head waiter died yesterday."



7 A.M. DIP! Dorothy Mack, of 7 Greenknave Ave., Potts Point, is Bondi's loveliest "iceberg". Every morning right through the winter Miss Mack can be seen cracking the waves. Asked how she keeps so fit, she said—"Plenty of exercise. And I drink Bonox everyday. It builds up my resistance." Bonox pours new strength into your bloodstream, builds up your resistance and keeps your head above the 'flu line. Bonox can be obtained at any cafe, milk-bar, or hotel. Get some to-night on the way home from the office in 1, 2, 4, 8 or 16-oz. size.

Get a Box of ZAM-BUK To-Day

An Editorial

AUGUST 31, 1940

OUR GREATEST MUNITION!



the blitzkrieg with "calm ferocity."

There has never been a more apt description of the fighting spirit of a nation.

As the war over the air in Britain extends this "calm ferocity" becomes more than a phrase—it is the very soul of fighting England.

The war has entered a new phase. The terrific tension of the days of waiting is gone. Hitler has unleashed his eagles of death, destruction falls from the summer skies, but the people remain steady and undismayed.

In the flame of battle the courage of women as well as of men has not faltered.

Consider the unknown woman of England, busy in her kitchen, who, on seeing a bomber land in the fields, rushed out with a frying-pan to deal with the "invader." Happily it was an R.A.F. man, but the spirit shown must have made him feel proud of England's women.

After an air-raid on London an English housewife came to the microphone of the B.B.C.

"I felt furious with Hitler and his bombers," she said. "I thought the explosions would shatter a tea-set I think a lot of."

We wonder what Goebbels and his propaganda machine think of that.

The unknown lady with the frying-pan proves how Hitler has miscalculated British character. A woman's thought for her cherished china, ignoring her own danger, gives him a better indication of the real spirit of England—and the real spirit of Empire.

Truly, in examples such as these, we have our greatest munition, the munition that wins all wars. It is morale.

—THE EDITOR.

LETTERS from the A.I.F.

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from the letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the A.I.F. will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Pte. D. A. Bowman to his mother in Gulgore, S.A.:

"We are quite settled down in England now and are having a good time, although the war is not so far off."

"The people here don't seem to be unduly worried and are carrying on as usual."

"Had a day's leave last Sunday. The people are very friendly and give us a good time. They seem extra pleased we are over here."

"The kids rushed us with autograph books to sign. It made us feel as if we were Don Bradmans."

"It is a marvellous country with the quaint old buildings, green fields, hedges, and copses. Saw crops of wheat that would equal, if not better, some of the best crops we have ever grown—still green, but all out in ear."

"In the Y.M.C.A. on Saturday I was having a cup of tea with a chum when I walked three civilians."

"One of them came over to our table and asked if we were from S.A. I told him Gulgore, and he knew several around there."

"He was Mr. McCann, the Agent-General, and he knew Dad when they were boys at school."

"The world seems upside down, but don't worry, we all have great faith in Britain and will win the war yet."

From a member of the A.I.F. in England to a friend in Augusta, W.A.:

"We have been very busy since our arrival here, digging trenches and generally settling down for some hard training."

"This morning we went for a route march and practised dispersing against possible attack from the air."

"There were some very amusing incidents. Poor old Ray tore his cover when the signal was given and sat fair and square in a bunch of stinging-nettles."

"He only had his shorts on, so you can imagine the howl he let out."

Corporal Winter to his wife in Laidley, Qld.:

"We are at our destination at last—in the south of England."

"One of the most striking things over here is the long time it is light. As it is mid-summer it is daylight from three in the morning until 11.30 at night."

"It is cool here in the morning, but the days are beautiful."

"Things are very expensive over here. We will have to go easy with our smokes, as tobacco is 3/- a tin and matches 1½d. a box."

A third contingent soldier to his girl friend in Orange, N.S.W.:

"ENGLAND is just what you would expect it to be, and as you read about in history books—fields, country lanes, hedges, and villages with houses of thatched roofs, and old English gardens, and groves of evergreen."

Winnie the war winner



"Well—I don't want to miss it!"

A Corporal now in England to his wife in Brisbane:

"AT our second-last port of call we had one day's leave and the second day we were there I was on duty in the town."

"I thoroughly enjoyed myself here, the welcome being typical of Queensland. The people here are very sociable and hospitable."

"It was my privilege to be driven through the native quarter in the police van, and there were some nice-looking flats and also some very dirty-looking hovels, not to mention millions of young darkeys. You are besieged by a black horde of juvenile humanity."

"At our last port we were not allowed to land as the place is fever-ridden. The population is entirely black, and these blacks came out to the boat in their canoes to trade and exchange goods for old clothes."

"Here it was beastly hot, but now we are in a cooler climate and the days are lengthening out. To-night it was not dark until 8 o'clock."

A W.A. private in hospital in Scotland to his aunt in Cottesloe, W.A.:

"I HAD had luck a week before we arrived at a Scottish port, and was placed in hospital with pneumonia."

"The regiment entrained for England, but several of us were left behind and are now having a marvellous time convalescing."

"It is very pretty here, and looks just like a place in a picture book. From my window I see tiny little farms of wonderful greenness, with wee ponds for ducks and every variety of poultry."

"There are many sick soldiers here, some from Narvik, who haven't a penny in the world, no homes and no clothes, and so very badly wounded, lots of them. It is all so very sad."

Gunner J. S. Jewkes' diary to a friend in Turramurra, N.S.W.:

"CAPE TOWN. Got off on shore leave 12.30 p.m., and at lunch got into conversation with two residents of Capetown, who took the afternoon off to take me sightseeing."

"The town was full of Australian troops, and the hotels closed in the morning. Games of two-up at every street corner. Hospitality of people here stupendous. They gave our boys the freedom of the city. Troops had a really marvellous shore leave, without any flag-wagging or fuss."

"Weighed anchor in morning. Full service dress inspection, number of troops minus badges, having given them away. The boys have plenty to talk about now, experiences in some cases during shore leave being most amusing."

"Arrived Freetown, on West Coast of Africa, about 10 a.m. No shore leave. Natives out in canoes trying to sell fruit and monkeys. Troops forbidden to barter with them."

"All very interested in war news now Italy is in. There are more rumors on this ship than Edgar Wallace or any fiction writer ever thought of."

"Land at last."

"Entered Scottish port early this morning. Day gloriously sunny. The bonny hills of Scotland looked wonderful. The country is very pretty, with hills sweeping up to crags and then sloping down to undulating country."

"There are old stone houses standing in heavily timbered lands, then fields, not very big, some under crop, others used for grazing. The lighthouses are painted white, and look spick and span."

"In fact, the whole scene made me realise why the Scots love their country so."

"Our busy day. Revellie at 4 a.m., breakfast 5.15, and disembarked at 6.30. On train and to camp somewhere in England."

"En route stopped for lunch and tea. Had marvellous trip through England, and as the days are long we could see practically all the time. We had rousing receptions along the line."

A member of the Field Ambulance in England to his wife in Goulburn, N.S.W.:

"TO-DAY is the shortest day of the year in Aussie and midsummer here."

"This place is one of the oldest barracks-towns in England. We are accommodated in barracks. Hundreds of regulars are billeted here, many of them with their wives and families."

"We have not had much opportunity to look around as yet. No leave has been granted at all, though naturally the boys have already made excursions to villages and towns in the vicinity."

"The countryside is very pretty, and particularly so at this time of the year, when the fields are still green with crops."

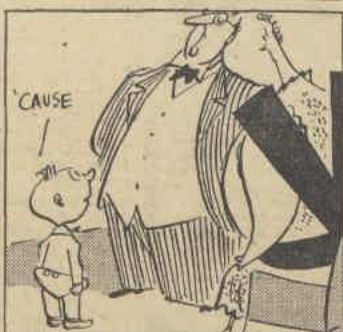
"There are men just returned from France and Belgium camped here. I feel sure, though, that, come what may, Jerry will never get through to here."

"It all depends on the air, and experience seems to prove that they can't do a great deal in face of our anti-air defences."

"We had a welcome by way of an air attack the first night we arrived—first air-raid in this vicinity since the war started."

"Nothing happened so far as we could tell except that the roar of the planes away to bases somewhere and wailing of sirens gave everybody a queer feeling down the old spine."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP





L. W. Lower starts a NEW ORDER of his own

Join up now . . . It's perfect, popular and white-ant resistant

I have become interested in this New Order racket. True, they're getting as common as Cash Orders, but, even so, if you're not in one you're out of fashion. And that would never do.

Japan is dishing out a New Order in the East and Hitler is trying to stage a New Order in Europe. There is also a minor New Order going on in the Balkans, and America is mumbling about a New Order in the Pacific, while the South American Republics have a New Order every three weeks.

As I see it, the preliminary movement in establishing a New Order is to smash everything in sight, ration everything, trust nobody and wind up a brief career by shooting yourself if one of your friends doesn't do it for you first.

As a matter of fact, we've got a New Order in Australia

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist
★
Illustrated by WEP

already. It has even penetrated into the Lower household.

Only this morning I said at breakfast: "Could I have some more bacon?"

That started a lecture which took in drought, coal-strikes, water restrictions, refugees, starving peasants in Spain, and ration-cards in England, and people eating dogs and pet canaries in Portugal.

And once again I was told that I should be ashamed of myself.

I was also told for the umpteenth time, "From now on things are going to be different in this house."

Confucius he say: "Anything that is different is better until you think of something better and different."

Need to be cautious

A TOTALITARIAN, blitzkrieg purge of somebody or other who wears the wrong-colored shirt is an imperative necessity of modern life.

I met a child of eleven who lives in my street, and he told me he was suffering from war-neurosis.

"What does it feel like?" I asked.

"You wouldn't understand," he replied.

Temporarily bunkered, I was silent.

This child then said: "Why aren't you in uniform?"

I said I was an air-raid warden. A lie, of course, but the boy had eyes like the Ancient Mariner's, and I had an idea that he thought I should be interned.

One has to be so careful. There is the "Strength Through Joy" gang, the military police, and those people who seem to spend most of their time seeing mysterious lights sending sinister signals to some alien anarchist.

The only way out

I SEE only one way out of all this clamor for a New Order. Have a New Order of your own.

The Navy has a couple of orders which I heartily recommend. One is "Lay off," and the other is "Pipe down." And another is "Splice the main brace."

In case you are a bit confused about the basic theory of the New Order, I'll explain.

All you have to do is to make a complete ruin of some place and then claim the wreckage and go and stave in it.

Of course, a much more sensible scheme would be a workless week with morning and afternoon tea pro-

vided by the management. All profits—if any—would go to the employees.

Those employees who can't get out of the habit of working should be first cautioned, then fined, and later branded on the forehead.

It is only fair that women should have a new hat every day, and husbands should prepare the day's meals before leaving the house.

Seeing that some people are not happy unless they are rationing or banning something, I suggest that no citizen be allowed to purchase more than one anvil at a time.

I would also cut down racing. We could have the same number of races but with only one horse in each race. Bookmakers to pay all punters' travelling expenses as well as provide meals when necessary.

The total abolition of all traffic rules and regulations on the principle of every man for himself. Pedestrians allowed to carry arms, but only to be used in self-defence when chased by motorists.

This will allow the pedestrians to be at least on level terms with the motorist.

All Government buildings such as Income Tax Departments and the like to be turned into swimming-pools, billiard-rooms, or house-housie halls.

That should do for a start. I'm sure you'll agree with the majority of these suggestions, and as a final democratic gesture I would see that anyone who felt that way inclined could go and ban himself, provided he didn't make a nuisance of himself.

**Introducing
The New KIWI
ARMY TAN**

Calling all soldiers! Kiwi announces the new Army Tan boot polish—guaranteed A-1 for all military leather gear.

Army Tan is a rich, deep red-brown Kiwi Polish which up till now has been known as Mahogany. But owing to the amazing popularity it has won not only with Australians here and overseas, but with British forces in many parts of the world, it was thought more fitting to re-christen this shade—Army Tan.

Kiwi Army Tan is easy to apply, it spreads smoothly, it waterproofs boots, and the dye penetrates deeply into the pores of the leather, which means a little goes a long way.



All stores and canteens have new fresh stocks of Kiwi Army Tan—ask for it by name and refuse any substitute that may not satisfy you.

THERE'S A KIWI POLISH GUARANTEED A-1 FOR EVERY SERVICE ARMY TAN DARK TAN BLACK



**EVER
FEEL JADED**



EARLY IN THE EVENING?

Sleepy after meals? Jaded early in the evening? Irritable, nervy? Have headaches and occasional pains in the back and legs? Sallow skin, dull eyes?

All signs of constipation.

You are "regular"? Many who are regular have constipation without knowing it. Their elimination is not complete. So poisons get into the bloodstream, and they feel vaguely below par.

For this condition there is an honest prescription. Doctors recommend it unhesitatingly because it is not a patent medicine. The analysis is printed on every bottle, so doctors know what they are prescribing. It is not a drug, and the dosage is so small it cannot form a habit.

For half a century it has been doing people good. Like many doctors' prescriptions it is basically and unalterably right. Unaffected by change, which is not always progress, or by fashion, which is mostly fad. Take it and you will find your step lighter and your mind brighter and your energy greater. In a word—

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH



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Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

K-9-1200



This large 6d. bottle now sold in Australia.

Don't trust your nails to unknown polishes. Use L'Onglex, the famous English polish. It wears for days without chipping or fading, and its shades are always fashion-right!



Don't be the last in the street to change to PERSIL WHITENESS

KEEP COLOURS TRUE TO LIFE, KEEP WOOLLIES FLEECY TOO
... ALL WITH PERSIL'S OXYGEN-CHARGED SUDS



New neighbour changes housewife's washing ideas



1. "DON'T RUB—you'll get your whites far whiter and save all that work with Persil," said Mrs. Johnstone. And then there she surprised her neighbour by showing how Persil did the WHOLE of her wash without one pennyworth of extras



2. SO, PERSIL NEXT WASHDAY,—just as Mrs. Johnstone advised. Not only for the whites—but the coloured dresses and woollies. The whole wash was brilliant! And everything as easy as wringing!



3. "WHAT A LOVELY PICNIC, Mummy," said her little daughter some weeks later. By that time Mummy knew that only a Persil-user could feel so fresh on a Monday afternoon!

Persil — now Australia's most popular washer!

What better proof could you have than this—more housewives in Australia use Persil than any other washing product. Simply because it gives such proud results—in an easier, quicker way.

It's the oxygen in Persil—that gentle, sud-energising oxygen—that gets your whites so lovely, your coloureds gay. Millions of tireless oxygen bubbles, like fairy hands, carefully surge suds through and through your wash till every stitch is sweet and clean. Yet Persil deals only with the dirt and leaves lovely-

ness alone. There's nothing safer for colours, woollies or treasured silks—nothing kinder to hands.

Some day or other you're bound to try Persil. And then you'll never be satisfied with anything else—for any section of the wash. Go and get some Persil NOW



DOES THE WHOLE WASH BETTER

Second Napoleon

Continued from Page 5

There was a good deal of scrambling in the soapuds and some heavy choking, and Jim and the bathroom both looked like a flooded shore by the time the puppy was bathed.

Jim dried him carefully. Napoleon's teeth chattered, he shook violently, he jerked his paws. So Jim took him into the bedroom and tucked him in.

"And keep your teeth out of my pillow," he said.

He was late. Well, he was late—that was that. He went to the head of the stairs and called to the cook. He called twice and when the cook heard, he said: "Bring me up a tray, Jessie."

Mrs. Burke told me to lay out your breakfast on the table ten minutes ago," said the cook. "She said you'd be down."

Jim spoke firmly: "Bring me a tray," he said, "and bring it quickly."

When the bathroom was clean he had a bath himself. When the tray came he went back for a second egg and more bacon, and Napoleon seemed to like the breakfast.

Jim took him down and then left him with Jessie. Napoleon was timid about being left; he kept running after Jim. He made it plain that Jim and nobody else was what he wanted.

When Jim came home that night he drove a little faster than usual. Jim had a party in the drawing-

room with the wireless turned on full blast.

Jim went in: "Where's the puppy?" "I don't know," said Lillian vaguely. "I haven't seen him. I told Mr. Lutes to build a kennel outside."

Jim went upstairs. Napoleon was in his room, asleep, his head pillowed on Jim's slippers. Jim looked at him a minute. Then he said: "Hallo, old fellow!"

Napoleon bounced up, began running in mad circles round Jim, flung himself against Jim's leg, tore round again. Jim picked him up, a wet tongue lapped at his face, wild with excitement, and finally the puppy bit Jim's nose in an ecstasy of love.

"Well, old fellow," said Jim. "Well, now, let you and me see about some supper and have a run outside."

Jim was pretty busy that week. Mr. Lutes finished the kennel and built a fenced-in run.

Lillian said: "Now you can put the dog out there and forget him."

"Well, it needs a little more work on the roof," said Jim. "You can't hurry these things."

He was training Nappy to walk on a lead. Most of the time the two of them gyrated down the path, the lead wrapped round Jim's legs. When anything startled him—and practically everything did—he would lunge backwards on Jim's feet and start climbing his trousers legs.

Whenever Fred and Margery appeared he would hide under something. Margery said: "I've never seen such a dog. I'd as soon have a mouse about the place."

"He's intelligent," said Jim. "He's house-broken already."

"What's the use of house-breaking him?" asked Fred. "When he's got his kennel? You'd better move him out to-day."

"It's snowing," said Jim.

"What of it?" Fred was talking loudly. "You aren't going to ruin the animal by coddling him, are you?"

"Think coddling is bad?" "Of course it is. Let him get out and rough it. Good for him."

JIM went to the kitchen to feed Nappy. He was teaching him to retrieve. Nappy loved to rush after a glove, come staggering back with it, bounce up and cover Jim's face with wet kisses.

When Jim listened to the wireless, Napoleon climbed into his lap, stretched out full length upside down and lay looking at him with those bright dark eyes. He breathed rather fast, but the new dog book said that was natural.

Pierre had already made an attempt at a portrait of Lillian and the puppy. But Napoleon was terrified and when Lillian held him firmly he scrambled so hard to get away that he tore the front of the gold dress. The portrait had to be given up; Napoleon was under Jim's bed and only Jim could get him out.

Lillian was annoyed. "Fred's right. There's no sense in a dog like that."

Jim took the puppy and went out.

Napoleon could walk very nicely on the lead by the second week. He had a way of carrying the part nearest him in his mouth while he tagged along behind Jim's long legs. When they met anyone he dropped it and backed up against Jim, pressing himself hard on Jim's ankle and panting slightly.

Jim left the office early the third Monday. He'd had a bad day. It was the first of the month and the bills were staggering. He had had to borrow again at the bank, and business was shaky enough without borrowing for his bills. He ought to make more; of course Lillian

Animal Antics



"Now what'll I do? She's wearing a temperance badge!"

couldn't cut down. And she was so loyal and generous—with Margery and Fred. Then there was this portrait business. If she had waited for the second full-length canvas—but there was nothing he could do about any of it. He was helpless. It upset Lillian so if he mentioned any of his difficulties.

He made his troubled way homeward, and then remembered it was Napoleon's day for liver. Something he'd eaten had upset him yesterday—possibly that green blotting-pad. Jim got the liver and then drove hurriedly home. The puppy would be hungry again after nothing but milk. He'd be sitting with his bright eyes fixed on the door, just waiting. Listening for Jim's footsteps.

Jim ran up the steps and flung open the door. The puppy wasn't there. Lillian was in the drawing-room with Fred and Margery and Pierre. Jim didn't go in; he ran upstairs to his room.

"Hi, old fellow," he said. "I've got your supper."

There was no puppy there. Jim even crawled under the bed to make sure he wasn't in the room. He wasn't in the bathroom eating soap, either. Jim ran downstairs again and went into the drawing-room.

"Where's the puppy?" he asked.

Fred was doing a card trick and nobody noticed Jim.

Please turn to Page 22

JOY of HEALTH FOR ALL

Are you ALIVE, or do you merely exist? Is your enjoyment of life crippled by Premature Old Age? Do your days and nights drag on, wrecked by an easily-exhausted body which lacks vigour and vitality? In all such cases, over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify that WINCARNIS will give just the help you need. WINCARNIS is the wonderful "No Waiting Tonic", because the first glass does you good! You feel brighter, more alive, younger—immediately. Your brain, heart, nerves—the whole body benefits. The first sip of WINCARNIS sends a stream of vigour through your blood stream. WINCARNIS is not habit forming, and a long course is not necessary. Sold by all Chemists.

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Real Life Stories

Schoolgirl radios full account of mid-Atlantic sinking and rescue . . .

Meryl Reed, the little 12-year-old Liverpool girl whose courage at sea, when her ship was torpedoed, thrilled England last week, has cabled us this account of her amazing adventure—the week's most stirring real life story.

For two and a half days she with others in a little lifeboat rowed in the roughest mid-Atlantic seas, were missed by a passing convoy, and could not be rescued by a Sunderland flying-boat that tried to land near them. Here is Meryl's story:

By Beam Wireless from London

The only time I was really frightened was when I woke early in the morning, heard a big bang, and felt the ship shudder. Then I remembered Mummy told me to keep calm and look after Nigel, who was coming with me to the West Indies.

Nigel, who was sharing my cabin, woke, too. We both felt the ship must have been torpedoed. I put on my shoes, took an extra coat, extra pair of shoes, picked up my treasure-box and Mung, my giant panda, which I've still got.

"In the treasure-box I had a manicure-set Mummy gave me, and a Norwegian cap and gloves.

"But Nigel was more careful—he had his birth certificate, identity card, Bible, school books, marbles, and he put in his best suit.

"I did not bother about a dress. You might think this took a long time, but it didn't. We were all packed up when the stewardess came and took us up on deck, saying, 'Don't be afraid!'

"The ship's deck was slanting, causing us to slip all over the place. I lost one of my shoes while going to the lifeboat. Beside it were two little girls and a lady with a baby.

"The mother couldn't climb into

the boat while carrying the baby, so had to leave it while we got in, then the ropes were cut and the baby was thrown down, one of the sailors catching it.

"I saw the ship turn turtle. It seemed to go up in the air, then go right under. Next thing I saw was the conning-tower of a U-boat.

"I knew it immediately, because I've seen them in pictures. As it came up, men climbed out. Four stood on the deck watching us.

"I didn't want to look at the mean pigs, but made a long nose at them under my breath, and stared them out.

Flying-boat arrives

"THE colored sailors in our lifeboat rowed hard, for the sea was very rough.

"Neither Nigel nor I was seasick. I helped to bale out water that kept coming into the boat.

"Then I noticed what seemed to be a cloud, but it was a big flying-boat, a Sunderland, one of the men said.

"It tried to rescue us, but damaged one of its floats in the rough sea, and flew off.

"It dropped depth charges, which made big splashes.

"I watched all the time for the U-boat, for the officer had said it would be following us, ready to sink any ship coming to our rescue.

"The baby cried all the time. The



"THE PLANE tried to rescue us, but damaged one of its floats in the rough sea."

poor little thing had to eat the same food as we did—bully-beef and hard biscuits, which I soaked in water and made into little soft balls.

"At night time everyone slept in the front of the boat, but the engineer, Mr. Dean, took me in his arms.

"I tied my scarf round his neck, and made a little hat for him out of a towel, for it was terribly cold.

"One of the little girls cried with cold, so I gave her my coat.

"Next day was even rougher. We saw a long line of ships.

"The mate, Mr. Reay, shouted, 'Oh, boy, it's a convoy.'

"But it passed without seeing us. 'By this time we'd lost sight of the other two boats from our ships.'

"Everybody began to get anxious, so I started to sing, and they all joined in.

"Just before night we thought we saw land. The second night was the coldest. The poor sailors kept rowing, but you could see they were tired out.

"I didn't sleep much. Nigel slept

on ropes, but he said they made a hard bed.

"The moon came out and then about half-past three in the morning we saw a big steamer.

"The mate told me it was a Yugoslav ship. We fired flares.

"The steamer came alongside us. The little girls and the baby were slung up in a basket. Nigel and I climbed up a rope ladder.

"Some of the poor sailors collapsed on deck, they were so tired.

"After a few hours we changed to one of our own navy ships. They put us ashore in Ireland, and there I bought a new frock. Nigel had kept his suit dry, and wore that.

"Both Nigel and I hope this won't prevent us going to the West Indies. We have been to sea before for a holiday to Madeira.

"I remembered when on the holiday boat we'd then hoped we'd be wrecked so I could discover a desert island, but now I don't think that's such a good idea.

"I'd no idea the sea was so big and lonely."

SHORT and SNAPPY.

Send your anecdotes of odd, amusing incidents for this column: 10/6 will be paid for the best item, and 2/6 for others published.

SURPRISE CUTLERY

WHILE my brother was working on a mill a large pine log was brought in to be sawn. The saw caught on something hard half-way through and it turned out to be a knife and fork.

They had probably been put in the fork of the tree when it was young, and the wood had grown over them. My brother has the fork and his friend has the knife as souvenirs.

10/6 to Marjory McPherson, Drik Drik, via Heywood, Vic.

SHOT A FISH

ONE of the largest codfish ever caught in the Lachlan River was landed by a party of fishermen and shooters from Forbes recently.

One of the party had a shot at a wild pigeon, and the bird fell into the river.

He went down to collect it, and as he approached a large codfish swam to the surface and was about to swallow the pigeon.

The shooter let the second barrel go at the fish, the shot taking effect. The fish weighed 66 pounds, the head alone weighing 10 pounds.

2/6 to W. Gunn, Box 53, Forbes, N.S.W.

CHIVALRY STILL LIVES

ONE evening last week as I waited for a friend in a Queen Street doorway I saw a trailing ball of wool rolling under the feet of the hurrying five o'clock crowd.

At the same moment a young man, seeing the wool, retrieved the ball, and, winding furiously, threaded his way through the crowd to the thread's end, and the owner. She, blissfully unaware of her loss, was waiting for the green light. With a smile and a bow, explanations were made, the wool restored, and the young gallant went on his homeward way.

2/6 to Miss D. Birrell, Heidelberg St., East Brisbane.

Other prize-winning stories

Jungle fire-squad

AS assistant-superintendent of a rubber plantation in Ceylon, my wife and I had just taken up occupation of a bungalow which stood in an angle of the estate boundary.

On three sides were orderly rows of rubber trees, on the fourth a declivity, clothed with "cheddy" or second-growth jungle.

Late one afternoon after the day's supply of rubber had been collected and most of the natives had knocked off we were startled by an alarm of fire. We ran out to find the jungle was on fire. The flames were roaring up the slope, encroaching on the rubber trees which marked the boundary of the field. If they came much closer the bungalow itself would be in danger.

We summoned all the available natives—the majority women—and organised one of the oddest fire-brigades ever seen.

We had a chain of natives filling bathtubs and passing buckets from the bungalow water-supply and emptying their contents on the flames, while others tried to beat out the fire with branches.

Luckily the burning undergrowth was not very dense. Anyway, primitive or not, our impromptu fire-squad got the conflagration under control at the expense of three scorched rubber trees.

Investigation brought to light that a native foreman cherished some fabled grudge against the owner of the estate, and worked himself up into a frenzy of rage that resulted in an irresistible impulse to start a blaze.

Fire-fighting wasn't included in my training as a planter, but the chief commended me on my handling of the situation. His remarks to the native conductor were in quite a different tenor!

21/1/- to S. Gordon Swan, 113 Coogee St., Mt. Hawthorn, Perth.

Lightning danger

AT business one day I had a very narrow escape from serious injury. The day had been very hot, and ended with a thunderstorm.

I was working underneath a very large window—about 8 feet by 10 feet. Suddenly an awful peal of thunder came, and the lightning struck the window and sent it hurtling in, frame and all.

How I got to my feet so quickly I don't know. I retreated, knocking over everything that was in the way, while pieces of glass were still falling all around me. It remains a miracle that I wasn't badly cut.

2/6 to Mrs. D. McLean, 56 Manning Rd., Double Bay, N.S.W.

Fog collision

WHILE living in Govan, Scotland, I went to work across the river by a small launch which carried 20 men. One morning in midwinter, when the fog was very dense, traffic was slow, and sirens blew incessantly.

We were midway across when the bows of a large steamer loomed over our heads, pushing our launch in front of it.

Everyone thought it was all up with us, and the suspense was frightful. Luckily we were struck a little beyond amidships, and gradually veered around the steamer's bows and passed on almost unharmed.

2/6 to R. Mitchell, 3 Moore St., Concord, N.S.W.

How to win Real Life awards

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published. Send in your Real Life Stories, which may be exciting or tragic, but which must be AUTHENTIC.

Full address at top of page 3.

Goodbye to those painful hours!



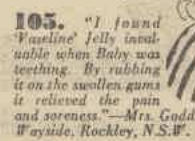
103. "I had hard dry skin on the soles of my feet so I rubbed them well with Vaseline Jelly and I could soon walk in comfort again."—Miss J. Roberts, 2 Eric Avenue, E. Melbourne, Vic.



106. "When my sister had a very severe attack of earache my mother made a plug of cotton wool soaked in warm Vaseline Jelly and it was very soothing."—Miss G. White, 110 Perry Street, Portland, Victoria.



104. "I use Vaseline Jelly for blistered heels caused by heavy military boots and for tender shoulders from rifle practice."—Mr. Kimmerley, Pennant Hills Rd., Thornleigh, N.S.W.



105. "I found Vaseline Jelly invaluable when Baby was teething. By rubbing it on the swollen gums it relieved the pain and soreness."—Mrs. Godden, Wayside, Rockley, N.S.W.

107. "When I scalded my tongue with hot soup, I put on Vaseline Jelly, and next morning all trace of soreness had gone."—Mrs. Alexander, Harwood, Griffith, N.S.W.

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Second Napoleon

Continued from Page 20

"Lillian," he said, "where's the puppy?"

Lillian looked up. "You're early," she said carelessly. "Oh, the puppy," she said lightly. "I gave him to the charwoman."

"What?" Jim stood motionless. Lillian said: "Yes, as he wouldn't sit for a portrait anyway, I thought—"

Jim said in a strange voice: "You gave my dog away?"

"Don't shout at me," said Lillian. "I simply found a good home for the little thing—children and all."

"My dog," said Jim. "Did you remember that you gave that dog to me?"

Lillian said: "Oh, do sit down, Jim! I don't want to hear anything more about it."

"You're interrupting my card trick," said Fred fretfully. Jim turned on his heel and went out. Lillian called after him and he slammed the door as he ran down the steps.

He took the good car. He passed four red lights and two policemen. When he got to the charwoman's house he pushed the bell until it stuck and kept peeling dismally. Mrs. Wilkins, the charwoman, opened the door and Jim said:

"Mrs. Wilkins, where's my dog?" "Gracious me!" said Mrs. Wilkins. "I thought there was a murder nothing short of it."

Jim said: "My dog—I've come to get him." He was breathing hard. "You mean the black cocker?" she asked. "Why, the missus said you all wanted to get rid of it, it was such a nuisance. She said it was—"

A door opened somewhere in the house, and suddenly a solid black form whizzed across the room, emitting loud noises. Ears swinging, tongue lolling, tail dizzy, the form catapulted against Jim rather like a crazy little taxi skidding into a lamp-post. Jim swept him up. Napoleon blew into Jim's ear, his tongue whipped over Jim's face; he made whimpering sounds.

"The little thing seems fond of you," suggested Mrs. Wilkins. "He's

been under the table ever since I got him in. Scared as a rabbit."

Jim said incoherently: "He's my dog. Not to be given away. Training him. Thank you. Good-bye."

Mrs. Wilkins stared after him as he hurried away with Napoleon's wriggling form in his arms. In the car, the puppy sat on Jim's knees and tried to see out of the window. Every few minutes he sighed gustily and nuzzled Jim's shoulder.

Jim carried him up the steps to the house. The drawing-room was occupied by Fred and Margery and Fred was in a temper. Jim looked in. When he spoke both Fred and Margery looked at him in astonishment.

"You'll have to stop yelling in this house," he said distinctly. He shifted Napoleon to his left arm and gestured with his free one. "Lower your voice," he said. "We don't like noise." He passed on up the stairs and flung open the door of Lillian's room.

LILLIAN was dressing for dinner. She was in silver and black and as cool and lovely as she could be. She said, without turning from the mirror: "You're late, Jim, do hurry."

"I'm not going out," said Jim. Lillian pivoted and dropped her powder puff. "You went after the dog!" There was surprise in her tone. Jim had never opposed her in anything. The affair of the dog was settled, her face said, and why was he here again?

Jim said: "If you ever give my dog away again I'll burn this house down."

"Jim!" Lillian's eyes widened, her lips parted, she looked at him as if he were mad.

Napoleon wriggled; Jim set him on the floor and he began to pull at Jim's trousers, growling fiercely. Jim looked down. Nappy had never actually growled before. He was growling up. This was a big male sound.

Jim said: "Do you understand me?"

Lillian made a faint sound—all that she could manage.

Jim went on: "You leave him alone." He picked Nappy up. "You leave us both alone." He marched to the door.

"Oh, Jim—you're ill!" Lillian sounded frightened.

"No, I'm not," he said, "but it's a wonder I'm not. I soon shall be ill if you don't get rid of that good-for-nothing sister and brother-in-law. I've paid their debts and supported them for the best part of two years while you all laughed at me. One thing—from now on, there's got to be less noise in this house. Napoleon is a sensitive, highly strung dog and he doesn't like it."

Lillian cried: "Jim, do you know what you're saying? My own sister—"

Jim looked at her. He couldn't stop now. He said: "And as for Peter Roberts, I'm sick of him too. I'm not going to tag after you tonight. I don't care if you're dining at Buckingham Palace—I'm staying at home."

He slammed the door. He went to his study. The sewing woman had been there, making new white satin curtains. Jim stared down at Napoleon's bright round eyes.

"Oh, my hat!" he said.

His stomach felt peculiar. He had a hazy idea that he'd finished everything now. He didn't move until he heard the car drive away, then he sneaked downstairs and gave Napoleon a cold chop. He wasn't hungry himself.

He went out while Napoleon investigated the lawn. In the cold moonlight the black body raced back and forth. Finally Napoleon found a dead bird and joyfully brought it in. Jim couldn't help thinking how clever it was.

Then it occurred to him that there might be germs at the Wilkins' house. He grabbed the puppy and ran in to give him a bath. Suppose he'd caught something from one of the children! That was a sharp worry, even in the midst of his other worry. He made an attempt to swab out Nappy's throat with disinfectant, but it wasn't a success. Nappy choked and had to be thumped hard.

Jim turned on the wireless, turned it off and went to bed. Napoleon got into bed, too, and edged his way up, nose by nose, until he was curled beside Jim. About half-past one Jim fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Napoleon slept right through the night and only bit Jim's ear in the morning.

Jim got downstairs to find his breakfast laid. Jessie said Lillian and the others had gone out somewhere. No—no message. Perhaps Lillian had left him. But there was nothing he could do, so he dragged himself off to work and grimly went through a difficult board meeting on which his whole business future depended. It didn't seem worth while to placate the members, so he told them savagely what he was going to do and then sat down. Oddly enough they voted to let him go ahead.

Then he saw a big buyer who was on the point of cancelling a large order.

"Do as you please," said Jim: "it doesn't matter at all."

The buyer, taken aback, decided suddenly not to cancel the order. He said hesitantly: "Your business must be tremendous this season."

Jim said nothing.

"What about lunch with me at the Savoy?" asked the buyer.

"I haven't got time," Jim said shortly.

He wanted to get home, to know whether or not Lillian had returned, but there were so many things to do that he couldn't get away, even when he had his coat on and was mentally half-way home. It was almost five before he did leave, and then he drove so fast through the traffic that a policeman stopped him. That was another delay.

Jim got home. His hands were numb and he fumbled at the front door. There was the puppy, and Jim said softly: "You all right, old fellow?"

THE house was quiet. At first he thought it was deserted, then he saw there was a light burning in the drawing-room. Might as well get it over.

Lillian was sitting on the sofa, busy with something.

Jim said awkwardly: "Well, here I am."

Lillian said: "I telephoned the

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, August 28.—Patricia Morison, The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party. Cole Porter.

THURSDAY, August 29.—June Marsden, Vocational Guide for Children.

FRIDAY, August 30.—Patricia Morison, Musical Mix-up.

SATURDAY, August 31.—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, September 1.—June Marsden, Gardening by the Stars and Astrology for the Business Folk. World events. Special: Reviewing Amazing Prophecies.

MONDAY, September 2.—Patricia Morison, Stories Behind the Ballets... "L'Épreuve d'Amour."

TUESDAY, September 3.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

office but they said you were in conference."

"I was."

Nappy was sniffing round the room.

"Well, where are Fred and Margery?" asked Jim, waiting for the worst.

Lillian looked up. "They've gone away," she said. "We spent the whole day going round looking at flats, and Fred's got a job." She paused, and added: "Selling vacuum cleaners."

Jim sank down. Nappy came over and began tearing at his shoe-laces.

"Well," said Jim helplessly, "well, Lillian." He had to know whether she was leaving him. He licked his lips, his throat was bone dry. "Well, Lillian, what are you—what are you doing?"

Lillian lifted her eyes and gave him a long, strange look. There was no anger in her face; she was looking at him as if she had never seen him before. Then she held up the thing in her hands and a ball of bright wool fell down and rolled across the floor.

The puppy pounced after it and began to worry it, growling fiercely.

Lillian gave a little smile. "I'm knitting a sweater," she said, "for your dog. I think it's going to be a cold winter."

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The Movie World

August 31, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

23

DICK POWELL is through with crooning

From
BARBARA BOURCHIER
in Hollywood



Recent study of Joan Blondell as she appears in her new Paramount film. It is difficult to believe that this piquant beauty is 31 years of age and the mother of two children.

YOU will be pleased to learn that Dick Powell, who returned to Hollywood after a two-years' absence from the screen to film "I Want a Divorce" with his actress wife, Joan Blondell, has decided to remain in Hollywood for a further term of work.

Dick has signed a new contract with Paramount which gives him the leading role opposite Ellen Drew in "The New Yorkers."

But those of you who expect to hear Dick crooning again are going to be disappointed.

In both his new films Dick has straight dramatic roles. In neither does he sing one song.

Dick left the screen after "Naughty But Nice," saying he was through with musicals.

In the two years since then he made highly successful personal appearance tours throughout the States.

On several occasions film producers tried to lure him back to

Hollywood with offers of stardom in comedies.

But Dick was firm. At thirty-six he felt that it was time he attempted serious drama.

That is why he accepted the lawyer role in "I Want a Divorce."

Another reason was his desire to be with his wife.

Ironically, Joan is now in San Francisco playing in the stage comedy "Goodbye to Love."

In "I Want a Divorce" you will see a new Dick Powell. In those two years on tour Dick has broadened out. He has added poise and sophistication.

As for Joan, she is prettier than ever. Maybe working with Dick is a tonic.

Dick and Joan have made seven pictures together. They met on "Gold Diggers of 1933," and married after "Stage Struck" late in 1936. But "I Want a Divorce" marks the first occasion on which they have played man and wife throughout a film.

After seeing them together in their new film I think you will join with me in hoping that they will make many more together.



And here is Dick Powell, who is co-starred with his wife Joan Blondell in "I Want a Divorce"—an incongruous title for the film of a married couple who are very happy in real life.

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Hollywood

prescribes the correct shades for her and 96 per cent. of all Hollywood Stars. You, too, can improve your natural beauty, whether blonde, brunette, brunette or redhead.

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_____	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Golden <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	LEPS <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Straw <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>

SEND TO: Max Factor, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia.



• Above, 18-year-old Deanna Durbin with her smiling mother—and confidante—Mrs. James Durbin.



• There is an extraordinary likeness between Clodette Colbert and her sweet-faced, soignée mother, Mme. Chauchoin, shown above, entering a Hollywood restaurant.



• Right, pretty Universal starlet Helen Parrish with mother in an informal moment at home.



• With 19-year-old Nan Grey (above) is her mother, Mrs. Dolores Miller, who looks as young as Nan. Mrs. Miller is making a name for herself as a playwright.

• The unique pictures on this page, received by a recent American airmail, show you some of Hollywood's actresses with their real-life mothers. These women, who rarely appear before the cameras themselves, play important parts in the careers of their famous daughters. • Some of them, like Mrs. Schoonover, Gloria Jean's mother, and Mrs. Durbin, Deanna's mother, accompany their children to the set every day. • Others, like Mrs. Laura Parrish, mother of Helen, seldom appear on the set or at public functions, but are content to remain in the background and make a home for their daughters.

Everyone is Raving About This Thrilling New Type Shampoo!



IMPROPER WAY
Hair dull, covered
with 'cloudy film.'

CORRECT NEW WAY
No dull film; hair soft,
shining like silk.

Any Colour Hair Shines Like Silk!

It's hard to believe, but true! This new type Colinated 'foam' Shampoo literally transforms the appearance of any hair.

Yes! Look at the girl in this picture, one shampoo with Colinated will make the magical difference you see! This girl herself says: "I am so thrilled about Colinated 'foam' Shampoo! It adds a silky lustre and shimmer to the hair!" So try it soon. Get ready for the complimer is then, too, for men cannot resist a shining head of hair.

Just how this unusual shampoo

works these miracles is a scientific secret. IT ISN'T AN OIL, IT ISN'T SOAP—IT ISN'T ANYTHING YOU'VE HEARD BEFORE. Scientists have brought us something brand new; a shampoo so different they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops, and instantly get a glorious billowy foam in any kind of water—5 TIMES MORE THAN ANY SOAP LATHER. Rub it briskly into the hair, rinse once and you're through.

"What?" you say, "No second rinse?"

No vinegar or special after-rinse?" No—not one extra rinse! That's the marvellous part. This new type shampoo, being neither oil nor soap, can't make that gummy, unrinseable film ordinary alkaline soap or powder shampoos leave to cover up natural lustre. So your hair comes out radiant and glamorous, silky and smooth! Best of all, any loose dandruff disappears, leaving your scalp clean and alive.

Another thing—you'll find Colinated 'foam' Shampoo the most economic you've ever used too—a half-teaspoonful gives a rich shampoo, so it goes a lot further. You can get it at any chemist or toilet counter anywhere.



• And here is 12-year-old Gloria Jean with Mrs. Eleanor Schoonover, whose wise guidance is largely responsible for her small daughter's success.



• Irish Maureen O'Hara and her young-looking mother, Mrs. Fitzsimmons, at left, are good comrades.

He plays romantic roles, but...

HIS VOICE IS HIS FORTUNE

POPULAR NELSON EDDY
MAKES £250,000 FROM
MUSIC EVERY YEAR

A LONG a secluded street in Beverly Hills, about fifteen minutes' run from the busy Hollywood shopping centre, is the snug, two-storied home of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Eddy.

If you happen to be passing just after breakfast you will probably catch some vibrant baritone scales wafting down on the breeze.

To-day you would probably also hear some of the lovely tunes from "Bitter Sweet." Eddy is hard at work rehearsing for the MGM version of this popular stage musical, which he will film shortly with Jeanette MacDonald.

Eddy has lived here ever since he married the former Mrs. Ann Franklin about eighteen months ago.

The house itself is one of the least pretentious owned by film stars in Hollywood.

It hasn't got a swimming-pool or a tennis court. But it does boast a grand piano—one of the best in the film colony—which occupies the central position in the modestly-furnished music-room.

This is where Eddy makes his preparations for his films, and for concert tours which occupy six months of every year.



HERE he practices with his accompanist and friend, Theodore Paxson. Here he shares many round-table conferences with his film studio chiefs.

Each morning when he has finished rehearsing, and on odd free Sundays, you will see him out in the garden reading or studying.

Nelson Eddy to-day is a singularly contented man.

At thirty-nine he has at last arrived at that highly satisfactory stage in a man's life when he doesn't have to worry about his present—or his future.

Eddy is the biggest money-maker in music. From films, concert tours, and radio work he makes a quarter of a million pounds every year.

His recent three-months' tour of twenty-six American States broke box-office records.

He has recently signed a new seven-year contract with his studio, MGM, which permits him time off for these annual concerts.

But that's not all the story. Eddy occupies a unique position in that he is the only straight male singer who is starred in pictures.

Actually there are very few singers in pictures at all. And the current vogue for musicals has made Eddy's position to-day particularly sound.

Since he reached stardom in 1935 with "Naughty Marietta," he has seen many singers come and go. Among them have been artists of the calibre of Lawrence Tibbett, Jan Klepura, Dennis King. Some of them have enjoyed popularity for a time. None of them has ever been able to displace Eddy.

This actor inspires a loyalty in fans that is the only basis for lasting success in the films.

In this respect he is like Ronald Colman, Norma Shearer, William Powell, and a very few others.

There are thousands of fans who never miss one of Eddy's pictures.

Eddy is by no means a great actor, but he has good looks, a pleasing

dignity—and above all a delightful voice.

No matter how indifferent the rest of the film may be, the public, who, after all, pay to hear his voice, never feel cheated.

Eddy has won his success through hard work and a lifetime devotion to music.

Circumstances compelled him to go to work early in life, but even so he found time for study. In these youthful working years, he acquired a sound musical education.

He was a telephone operator in an iron foundry, a newspaper man, and an advertising agency copy writer—but at the same time a close student.

He had a few small successes in light opera, then came the opportunity to study in Europe.

After a term of work in Dresden and Paris, Eddy began taking on more important singing assignments.

Then early in 1933 the comparatively unknown Eddy was called upon to substitute for a noted operatic star in a Los Angeles concert. He was an instant success. He took fourteen encores that evening.

Within a week he had been signed to a long-term contract by MGM, and immediately began work on "Dancing Lady."

It was only a small role, but it was enough to attract the attention of the fans, thousands of whom wrote praising the unknown singer.

This unusually favorable public reaction influenced MGM in its decision to give Eddy the leading role

opposite Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta."

Since then Eddy has appeared in many films—including "Maytime," "Rose Marie," "Rosalie," "Balalaika"—each one of which has served to consolidate that first heart-warming success of "Naughty Marietta."

To-day, Eddy, although he seldom appears in public, has a wide circle of friends.

Among them he counts the technicians, the cameramen, and the extras at his studio.



THERE is a delightful little anecdote that illustrates the affectionate regard in which he is held by the people with whom he works.

Just after he finished his latest film, "New Moon," Eddy plunged into a new concert tour.

As the first concert of such tours is in the nature of a trial, Eddy decided to give a "sneak" performance at a local high school auditorium.

But Hollywood got wind of it, and to Eddy's surprise, Ilona Massey, Milisa Korjus, Joan Crawford's mother, and almost the entire technical crew of "New Moon" turned up to hear him sing.

In place of the bare stage Eddy expected to step out on, his friends had banked it with gorgeous flowers.

No star ever played to such a mixed audience, which was composed of high school youngsters and their parents, movie stars and technicians, with a couple of music critics tossed in.



• A new study of Nelson Eddy, MGM star, whose dignity and charm and attractive baritone voice have won him a large following among the fans. His latest films, both with Jeanette MacDonald, are "New Moon" and "Bitter Sweet."

New notions in SPORTS WEAR

FOR RIDING, in place of jodhpurs or knee-high riding boots, Rosemary Lane chooses heavy ankle boots of tan carved Moroccan leather that match a five-inch belt wider in front than back. This two-piece leather set adds distinction to her tan broadcloth riding habit and brilliant yellow shirt. But immaculate Constance Bennett favors a simple all-black outfit in broadcloth with the new long riding jacket. Usually she goes hatless, but on a windy day she covers her hair completely with a heavy, richly-colored snood.

Sister Joan, now that she's completely changed her type to brunette, likes to wear a vivid waistcoat with her riding habit. Joan ties up her dark hair with a scarf to match. mother's expansive garden, has a pair of gardening slacks made from yellow oilcloth—

the table variety. Rosemary found she wore out the knees of any fabric slacks.

FOR THE GARDEN does a good deal of digging and planting in her mother's expansive garden, has a pair of gardening slacks made from yellow oilcloth—

the table variety. Rosemary found she wore out the knees of any fabric slacks.

But Hollywood got wind of it, and to Eddy's surprise, Ilona Massey, Milisa Korjus, Joan Crawford's mother, and almost the entire technical crew of "New Moon" turned up to hear him sing.

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FROM BARBARA BOURCHIER

FOR GOLF Carole Lombard always wears a shirt-waist frock. One in moss-green wool has a pleated skirt, bright red leather belt, and her monogram in red on one breast pocket. Attached to the belt is an envelope purse in green wool stuck with red wooden golf tees.

FOR BOWLING, America's most popular sport among young or old, Priscilla Lane, a devotee of this energetic sport, always wears slacks that have a free action placket from knee to ankle.

FOR TENNIS Gale Page wears moccasins with ankle laces. One pair in white with blue beading is especially effective with a white shark-skin tennis dress and blue chenille snood on her hair.



1 **EDUCATED ABROAD** after father's death in hunt Lee Danfield (Payne), back in Maryland, meets Stewart and Linda Stewart (Brenda Joyce).



2 **AT A PARTY** in his home Lee tells his mother, Charlotte (Fay Bainter), that he intends to ride Stewart's horse, Cavalier, in steeplechase for the Maryland Cup.



3 **SINCE A HORSE** killed his father, Charlotte bitterly forbids eager Lee to go on with his plan.



4 **ALTHOUGH** sympathetic to his mother's fears Lee, who is now in love with Linda, remains determined to ride the race.



5 **THEN COLORED** stableboy confesses to Stewart that Cavalier was foaled by Danfield mare which threw Lee's father, and supposedly had been shot.



6 **REALISING** that this makes her Cavalier's owner, a friend (Ruggles) tells Charlotte, who immediately withdraws the horse from the race.

She may lose her balance but men lose their hearts to her smile of beauty . . . the smile that comes from the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and gum massage.

For Ipana with massage is specially designed not only to keep teeth bright and sparkling, but help the health of the gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues, lazy gums awaken, gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble. Get an economical tube of Ipana today.

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TOOTH PASTE AND GUM MASSAGE

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.
Regular Size 1.00, Super Size 2.00

Ban on Cupid

BRENDA PLEDGED NOT TO MARRY FOR TWO YEARS

BRENDA JOYCE, pretty nineteen-year-old star of the Twentieth Century-Fox technicolor film, "Maryland," has given producer Darryl Zanuck her word not to marry for two years.

Zanuck has big plans for Brenda. He asked for this promise because he feared that Brenda would follow the example of so many other talented young actresses of recent months, who have given up their work after their marriage.

The producer's precaution was justified. Brenda has been friendly with Owen Ward, a former fellow student at the Los Angeles University, for over three years.

Brenda is now working on another important Fox production, "Public Debutante No. 1," in which she has the title role. A former photographic model, she was chosen for this part because, in Zanuck's opinion, she is the perfect society debutante type.

"Maryland," a modern romantic drama, in which Brenda shares the romance with John Payne, is set in the southern American State of Maryland, which is noted for its hunting and steeplechasing horses.

The film features the famous Maryland Hunt Cup, which is one of the most important annual racing events in America.

GROW LASHES & BROWS in 30 days

In thirty days you can grow long, curling, silken lashes and perfect eyebrows by applying Le Charme Eyelash Grower.

PROVED by Thousands

No matter how scant your eyelashes, how indistinct your eyebrows, Le Charme Eyelash Grower will positively increase their length and thickness. Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silken fringe. If unsatisfactory locally, 2/6 post-free from Le Charme, Dept. 21, Box 22381A, G.P.O., Sydney.

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EYELASH GROWER

★★★ YOUNG TOM EDISON

(Week's Best Release)

Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter.
(MGM.)

"YOUNG TOM EDISON" is undoubtedly one of the most entertaining biographies that have been filmed in recent years.

Based on true incidents in the boyhood of the great American inventor, it is a heartwarming, human story of a normal, adventure-loving lad whose thirst for knowledge leads him into mischief.

No attempt is made at heavy-handed glorification of a youthful genius. As portrayed by Mickey Rooney, Edison is a lovable character, a typical American boy. His background is that of a homespun small town around 1883.

Tom's driving scientific curiosity

**Tried it yet?
NEW, QUICK**

**ODO-RO-NO
Cream**
CHECKS PERSPIRATION SAFELY



**Stops perspiration instantly.
Dries quickly—vanishes completely.
Use before or after shaving.
Keeps underarm dry 1-3 days.
Ends perspiration odour.
Won't irritate skin or rot dresses.
Non-greasy • stainless • soothing.
GET ODO-RO-NO CREAM TODAY**
from all good Chemists and Stores.
1/- and 2/-

Relieve Eczema and Itching Skin

If you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, don't delay proper treatment another day. When care is not taken, there is a tendency for the continued irritations and unsightly eruptions of the skin to spread and become chronic. Doan's Ointment will give you quick relief, for it penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies. It is antiseptic, healing and quickly allays the irritation. Be sure you get Doan's Ointment today.

DOAN'S OINTMENT

Rid Kidneys Of Poisons And Acids

Your kidneys are a marvelous structure. Within them are 9 million tiny tubes which act as filters for the blood. When poisons and acids attack them you suffer from Urinary, Pelvic, Prostatic, Gouty, or Night, Leg, Pain, Headache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nervinism, Circles under Eyes or Swollen Ankles, etc. Ordinary medicine can't do much good. The cause must be removed. Cystex rids kidneys of poisons and acids in 3 hours, therefore a speedy and to kidney troubles. In 24 hours you'll feel better, stronger than for years. In a few days, complete health is restored. Cystex is guaranteed to put you right or money back. Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. The guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

Cystex
GUARANTEED for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ DR. KILDARE'S STRANGE CASE

Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore.
(MGM.)

THIS film is among the least enjoyable of the Kildare hospital dramas.

You are required to sit through two major operations, with explanations in medical phraseology, and one administration of an "insulin shock." These sequences, interesting from a clinical point of view, are drab as entertainment.

Otherwise the film covers the same old ground.

Lew Ayres as young Dr. Kildare is again faced with the decision of remaining with his grumpy superior, Dr. Gillespie (Lionel Barrymore), or of taking another post at a higher salary.

Barrymore again dominates the film with his humorous characterization of the lovable, irascible old doctor.—St. James; showing.

★★ THE LONE WOLF MEETS A LADY

Warren William, Jean Muir.
(Columbia.)

HERE is a thoroughly enjoyable mystery melodrama, with as many laughs as thrills.

Warren William again plays the suave, unconventional "Lone Wolf." In this adventure "Lone Wolf," still trying to run straight, meets beautiful Jean Muir, who tells him she has just played an innocent part in a murder and the theft of a necklace. Terrified in case she will be arrested for the crime, Jean enlists his aid in finding the real culprit.

Warren William plays his role with poise and good humor. Jean Muir, who has been away from the screen for over a year, makes an attractive reappearance.—Capitol; showing.

★ LA CONGA NIGHTS

Hugh Herbert, Constance Moore.
(Universal.)

THE chief attractions of this rather silly film are the brief novelty appearances of Hugh Herbert, who plays a sextuple role as a scatter-brained business man, this man's mother, and his four maiden sisters! Herbert as the man is not especially funny. But his five impersonations are delightful.

The rest of the film is a muddled musical about two struggling young singer-dancers (Dennis O'Keefe and Constance Moore), who open a night club in their boarding-house to raise money for the landlady's rent.

Landlady is about to be evicted by her landlord, who happens to be Herbert, although that simoleon doesn't know it.

A couple of pleasant tunes by O'Keefe and Constance Moore are among the better parts of this film.—Capitol; showing.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

HOLLYWOOD is busy with war relief activities. The most notable contribution of the week was a fully equipped ambulance which producer Sam Goldwyn sent to England Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy wired his appreciation.

Alan Mowbray has accomplished wonders in raising funds. He has sent £35,000 to England since the beginning of the war.

GRACE MOORE and Miriam Hopkins exchange residences when it suits their convenience. Miriam Hopkins occupied the Moore apartment in New York while Grace was living in the Hopkins home in Hollywood.

Grace is helping to organize a huge concert for the benefit of French and British charities. Jack Warner is turning his estate over for the concert, and besides Miss Moore such celebrities as Jose Iturbi, Lawrence Tibbett and Gladys Swarthout will offer their services.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ *Gone With the Wind*. Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of best-selling novel. Liberty, 17th week.
★★ *My Favorite Wife*. Irene Dunne, Cary Grant in enjoyable comedy. Regent, 2nd week.
★ *Gunner George*. George Formby, Phyllis Calvert in rollicking farce. Lyceum, 3rd week.
★ *Turnabout*. John Hubbard, Carole Landis in amusing version of Thorne Smith novel. Mayfair, 4th week.



THE LION'S ROAR

And still they come!

I mean, of course, more great M-G-M screen entertainments. Last time, it was "THE MORTAL STORM," that great film which Hitler banned from all countries under German control because it dared to tell the truth. It is a film you simply MUST see.

This week, I want to speak about the two pictures I have just completed, dealing with the life of Thomas A. Edison.

The story of Edison was too big for just one picture. So, first, comes "YOUNG TOM EDISON" as "YOUNG TOM EDISON."

You've laughed at Mickey when he plays the irrepressible Andy Hardy; you've cheered him as the musical maestro of "Babes in Arms"; you've thrilled to his amazing talent in "Boys Town." But, honestly, you'll never know just how great an actor, how amazing a personality he is, until you see "YOUNG TOM EDISON."

And what a picture! It has thrills, laughs and drama, all twice as engrossing because they are real! It has a fine cast: Fay Bainter, George Bancroft, Virginia Weidler, Eugene Pallette. It is, indeed, a fine film, one of which I am proud. Coming to the St. James Theatre, Sydney.

And then comes SPENCER TRACY as "EDISON THE MAN". Of this film, I will say little now, except for this: if any picture can win Spencer his third Academy Award, this is it.

LEO of M-G-M.

How much do YOU spend on Cosmetics?

Most girls and women spend far more on cosmetics than is necessary—so if fancy prices were an indication of quality. Tests have proved that Australian Rice Face Powder is equal to the best in Europe, America and range of shades—and its price is only 6d. for what you can last for over 3 months. Why not save thousands don't, as you can see any Friday at Woolworths or Coles. Australian Rice Face Powder, obtainable from all stores, chemists, and toilet goods counters.

VG514

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO

Ginger ROGERS

MUGS OF SYRUP AND WATER, WITH COTTON "COLLARS" WERE THE BEERS IN SALOON SCENES FOR "LUCKY CISCO KID".

HAS CHANGED THE COLOR OF HER HAIR 10 TIMES SINCE SHE GOT INTO PICTURES—BUT DYED IT BLACK FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR "PRIMROSE PATH".

CLOUDS ARE SO ESSENTIAL FOR AIR PICTURES THAT SCOUTS IN PLANES ARE SENT OUT DAILY TO LOCATE SUITABLE FORMATIONS FOR BACKGROUNDS.

JEFFREY LYNN and Dana Dane. Warner starlet, go out together seven nights a week.

Pain YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month

When pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along... and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry... why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—without the slightest "doping".

Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is more quick, more complete, more lasting than anything else they've ever known. The secret is Myzone's amazing *asterin* (anti-spasm) compound... science's aid to nature. Try a couple of little Myzone tablets, with a cup of tea... with your very next "pain". 2/- box.—All Chemists.



"MYZONE not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as before I used to get pimples!" —Miss M.P.

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- WW 31/8/40

"H'E'S got a scar over one eye, and when I asked him how he got it he told me he got it at jousts in the Middle Ages, defending his lady's honor. He's nuts, because the Middle Ages was around thirteen hundred!"

They were walking up the path together now, Henry swaggering importantly and getting in Rosie's way. "You certainly had your nerve," said Rosie indignantly, "asking a total stranger how he got a scar! I'll tell mother on you. What does he look like?"

"What do you care?" Henry jeered. "He ain't anything like Peeb Toss-saint anyhow. His hair ain't red—it's light-colored. And if you tell Ma on me, I'll tell Peeb you said he looked like a wet straw stack! So Peeb won't ask you to marry him!" It was beneath Rosie to reply. They had come to the kitchen door

where her mother was looking anxiously out.

"It's got you didn't go to the dance with Peeb to-night, Rosina," she said with her blunt accent. "We got a somebody come and you must get quick into your white apron and give him supper. I can't leave the stove with the wine souffe in."

Oh, Rosie thought, so he's good enough for wine souffe, is he? Her heart skipped a beat.

In the year and a half since the strong plith of his life had turned to ashes, Crowne had arbitrarily chosen to spend a week, a month, two months, in many strange places on the American continent; had chosen these for his abode—for his work, the saviour of his reason. Yet now, as he glanced about this dimly lamp-lit odd room with its scrubbed

Tumbleweed

Continued from Page 8

smell, it seemed to him that its quality, intangible, was at the same time poignantly familiar.

The tall fearlessly handsome Mrs. Van Praag had talked to him after he had disengaged himself from two or three youngsters who appeared to be Van Praags. On the way upstairs to the room he was to occupy for a sun, so small it embarrassed him, he had met a plump beaming personage whom the woman introduced as Frans Van Praag, her husband. He had inspected his room, clean and chaste as newly sawed pine, the immaculate white plateau of the bed, the view from lace-curtained windows of a sea of tulips folded into evening, and had been pleased with it all.

"You raise tulips as well?" he asked.

"Not so many. It is Rosina who takes care of them, since she quit teaching school. She taught two years after she was to normal, but the chaff smell made her sick. Hay fever, kind of. It's celery we raise mostly."

"Is it profitable?" Mrs. Van Praag shrugged, smiled philosophically.

"We live, ya? Who does more?"

"Who," Crowne murmured, "does indeed?"

And now he sat downstairs awaiting his dinner in a room that was full of the rich and antique dusk of Rembrandt, of a mood eternalised. How the distinguished Ballantyne, of the Ballantyne Galleries, would appreciate this!

Crowne glanced up and saw a girl standing in the doorway.

EVEN before he noted particularly that she held a tray in her hands, he saw the lustrous, wide-spaced dark of her eyes fixed upon him; he saw the unusual delicate tinting of her face from hollow of cheek to broad plane of jaw and temple. Crowne half started from his chair, then sat back with a discomfiting feeling of embarrassment as she came forward with the loaded tray.

Her hands were too light and deft for that burden. He stared at them, at the smooth tawny fingers with the short clean artless nails. In one swift glance he saw the rhythmic length of her hips beneath the thin cotton dress, the excellent young proportion of breast and throat. Her mouth was untruly, beautiful. It was Jay Crowne the artist who saw these things. The man had seen beauty in no woman since Lenore; he was, in fact, starkly incapable of seeing any.

She said nothing at all as she arranged the steaming dishes before him. Her downcast lashes guarded her eyes. Crowne cleared his throat, cynically waiting to hear her voice. The Mexican girl in Taos, lovely as mountain light, had had a voice like a cart rattling over a corduroy road. Not that it had shocked him—his indifference was proof against shock.

But exasperatingly it seemed that this one was not going to speak.

"You wouldn't happen to have any chili sauce, would you?" Crowne asked. He loathed chili sauce.

"No," she said. "But we have watermelon pickles."

"Good!" But she had said, and her voice, to Crowne's annoyance, had been quiet dove-wing down. "I haven't had watermelon pickles since my mother used to make them." His mother had died when he was a month old.

Rosie smiled bounteously.

"I'll go and get them," she said. He knew at once that he had made a mistake which was likely to cost him trouble; she had interpreted his wry curiosity for a friendly overture.

"Never mind," he said stiffly. "There's enough to eat here."

ROSIE looked at him in bewilderment, a slow hurt flush spreading over her cheekbones. Crowne disliked her for it and resented his dislike. Without another word he attacked the food set before him.

At daybreak the next morning Jay Crowne set up his easel on a bald hill beyond the Van Praag's celery fields. The panorama below was gentle, breathing, purposeful with fertility; he did not especially care for it. But the series for his exhibition in New York next year was after all to be titled American Skies, and there had to be variety in the landscape beneath those skies. He looked with satisfaction up at the circumcised structure doming the new east in fragile pink and saffron, and fell to work.

For a long time he was lost in inspiration, thought of nothing but the growing poem beneath his brush. The sun was high when he became troubled with a sense of lack. That Van Praag girl had not come to gaze over his shoulder and exclaim as strange young women usually did!

Nor did she come in the days that followed.

He found himself to his surprise irritated by her aloofness. If he came into his room when she was there, idling it up she would glide out like a rich shadow, not seeing him. He didn't like her obliviousness; it was too pointed.

He was being unreasonable, he told himself. Nowhere in his wanderings had he enjoyed such perfect conditions for work. When the Van Praag boys came home from school he would knock off for a game of baseball with them or he and Henry and Kip would go fishing in the river a quarter of a mile away. But so far as his work was concerned, the Van Praags, young and old, left him strictly alone, did not question him. When Kip and Albert suggested converting the loft of an old barn into a studio for him, at some distance from the house, their offer was made with a shy diffidence that touched him deeply.

When the studio, remarkably complete with north skylight, was ready for his occupancy a few days later, Crowne might have admitted himself happier than he had been since his early twenties, that summer in Brittany. He might have done so had it not been for the conspicuous elusiveness of the girl Rosina. But that she gave him no opportunity to find in her the flaw he knew must be there vexed him far more than if she had vexed about him as others had done. Although it angered him to confess as much, Rosina was the only disturbing note in his harmonious life.

By the middle of June Crowne knew that he was making elaborate excuses for his staying on at Blue Hill.

One noon as he came across the meadow from his studio to the house for what the Van Praags called "dinner," he met Rosina. She had been working in the celery field and beneath her peak-crowned straw hat her face was crimson and beaded with perspiration.

When she saw him she stooped, picked up her gingham skirt and wiped her face.

"Hullo!" Crowne said. "You look as if you might be going to have a sunstroke!"

"It is hot, isn't it? Is it very bad up in the old barn?"

"No," he said. "Those big trees keep the place pretty cool."

He wanted to ask her why she had never come up to see his studio, but immediately rejected the desire. It would have meant a breach of his code of indifference.

Then as they walked along together he said something so much worse that he could not credit his own hearing. A last year's tumbleweed that had been lodged against the fence was blowing free in the hot wind, bounding with erratic spurious life down the slope, an unlovely intricate web of fine brittle stems and dust.

Please turn to Page 30



ABSURD!

HOW COULD KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN KEEP MY SYSTEM REGULAR?



1. IN CONSULTING ROOMS all over the country men and women, in despair because they have tried countless remedies in vain, are asking their doctors for a way to end constipation. The real cause of constipation is the lack of "bulk" in our every-day diet. "That's why," says your doctor, "it takes a food to bring natural, normal regularity."



2. THIS DIAGRAM shows how food is digested and absorbed into the system. The food not absorbed passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough, the muscles can't get rid of it—you get constipated.



3. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, a nut-sweet breakfast food, gives the bowels the "bulk" they need—brings about a normal, natural movement. Kellogg's All-Bran works in the same way as fruit and vegetables but more surely, more thoroughly.



4. LIFE'S GRAND AGAIN! "Constipation was always my enemy, but after baby arrived it got so bad I used to feel washed out. Then a friend told me about Kellogg's All-Bran. I started eating it for breakfast—and within a week I was regular."

ONE WEEK LATER

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN HAS TAKEN ONLY 7 DAYS TO DO ALL THAT HARSH CATHARTICS FAILED TO DO FOR YEARS—GET ME NATURALLY REGULAR.

Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer right away and enjoy it just like a breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Let the milk soak right in. And it's a good idea to drink plenty of water too.



EVAN WILLIAMS Essential hair health! SHAMPOO.

Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.



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For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

WAR MOTHERS

THE soldier's wife who willingly accepts the responsibility of motherhood, while her husband attends sterner duties abroad, commands our greatest respect.

Despite the cynics who deny the existence in modern young women of true mother love, there are many women who, while they would dislike to go through the experience without their husbands' moral support, would hate to go through life childless.

This is a possibility every young soldier's wife must face, not knowing what the future holds in store.

I think that "she also serves who waits alone for the arrival of her baby"—and such a woman is a national heroine.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. R. E. Mayne, 13 Carlisle St., Preston N18, Vic.

LONELY OLD AGE

AFTER a lifetime of hard work and difficulties bravely faced, surely the reward should be a few years of perfect happiness.

But what numbers of lonely and somewhat bewildered old people we see.

Every boarding-house seems to have a lonely, elderly guest, one who has outlived his or her life partner, whose children are scattered and whose active work is over.

The young and thoughtless naturally neglect them, but middle-aged guests are just as unkind, as they prefer to attach themselves to the younger groups.

The solution seems to be that if any of us know two lonely old people we should manage to introduce them.

Beryl Paterson, Jasmondia, The Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Should home jobs be shared by girls and boys?

THERE is no reason why the daughter of the house should do more at home than is expected of the son, Janice Stewart (10/8/40).

It is just a custom which has been established firmly because of indifference and lack of opposition.

A revolt is certainly long overdue.

One hesitates to ask sons to perform household tasks for fear of a refusal. A daughter will often agree to do jobs, though she may feel that the request is definitely unfair.

This injustice will continue so long as daughters are content to be meek and agreeable. The willing horse will always have to carry the load.

T. Pitt, Robe St., Grange, Brisbane.

Hard to break

IN spite of our modernity, will woman ever really break the ties of domesticity?

As long as there is a man in the house who feels in some mysterious way that he must be studied by her, and the kitchen has always been her domain.

So it remains to-day. We must go to the Dark Ages for the reason.

Mrs. G. Copley, Lucindale, S.A.

Do no work

AS a mother, I do not think either brother or sister should do anything at home.

No matter what work they do they have to be put up with all day, and it is up to their mother to let them relax and enjoy their meals.

Otherwise, how can they keep going next day?

Mothers should remember that their own time is not limited to specified hours.

If things go wrong in the house they can change their work or go for a walk, but the wage-earner usually has to stay within four walls.

Mrs. N. Mills, 58 Onslow St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Children's part in national economy measure

THERE is certainly room for a lot more self-discipline in our young people, Mrs. J. Marshall (10/8/40).

The time and money that are still being spent on useless things should be going into taxes for the war effort, as they are in the more affected countries.

The children overseas will suffer far more when the winter comes, and our children as well as adults should do everything they can to help them.

H. Parker, Lister Crescent, Alstonie, Canberra, A.C.T.

Can be trained

AUSTRALIA has always been a land of plenty, and we deserve some just criticism of our wasteful habits.

If children are trained in making little sacrifices they will surely grow to appreciate many luxuries which they now take entirely for granted.

Perhaps the same applies to a good many adults.

Miss E. Ferguson, 89 Queen St., Melbourne C1.

Home relief first

WE all sympathise with the distress of the victims of war overseas.

But if we encourage our children to be more unselfish I think the results of their efforts could be more charitably utilised in our own land.

War brings unemployment and

Is illness borne better by feminine sex?

I AGREE entirely with Mrs. E. Dunn (10/8/40) about a sick housewife keeping on her work until forced to stop through pain or weakness.

I was recently a patient in a surgical ward of a large city hospital.

From the average age of the



Is unwilling patient.

patients, it seems that it is only when the family is safely raised that a woman begins to take notice of her aches and pains and decides to do something about them.

Mrs. A. C. Sprawson, 18 Murray St., Coburg N13, Vic.

Upset household

WOMEN, I find, are more able to carry on than men when they are in pain.

A housewife knows that in her absence the household will get topsy-turvy, and so she struggles on, while a man just depends on others to keep things going for him, and stays in bed.

Mrs. K. Daniels, 31 Wentworth Ave., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

Upsets routine

AN average household after the absence of mother for a few days looks as though it has been through a "blitzkrieg."

Therefore, few women have any peace of mind when they go to bed ill, and so they postpone it, often foolishly, till the last moment.

Very few and far between are those who go to bed unnecessarily.

Y. Ford, c/o P.O., Campsie, N.S.W.

KEEP A SECRET

IS there born a woman who can keep a secret? They seem to be few and far between.

Men seem to be the more secretive of the two sexes, and they seem able to keep their own counsel.

Is it because women must chatter that they cannot keep confidences to themselves?

Before they break confidences they should put themselves in the other person's place, and act accordingly.

Women can cheat, weep, and lie, but they cannot keep a secret.

Reva Hall, 3 Violet St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

TOO ENDEARING

TERMS of endearment seem to mean very little nowadays.

While shopping recently I rather annoyed me when questioning the salesgirl—a complete stranger—to be answered with a "Yes, dear," and when the transaction was completed a "Thank you, dear."

If the affectionate term is not sincere, why use it? That business transaction could have been carried out equally as well without either affection on her part or mine.

Mrs. J. C. Baldwin, 10 Henry St., Auburn E2, Vic.

PROUD LEGACY

AUSTRALIA is justly proud of her soldiers, yet many Australians do much to condemn them.

Quite often I hear people demanding why "So-and-so" joined up when he has a wife and two or three small children.

They say he was not entitled to enlist, leave a good job, and thereby force the Government to provide for his wife and children. They also complain that those left behind will undoubtedly have to meet higher taxes to help keep his wife and family.

Surely if a man feels the urge to fight, risking his life and health for the sake of his country and Motherland, then we should be proud to look after the legacy he leaves behind.

Betty R. I. Scott, 5 Leslie Ave., St. Peters, S.A.



**HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS
CURE**
*fixed
my cold!*

A day or two ago—sore throat, wheezy and coughing. Today—as bright as a lark, sore throat gone, bronchial tubes cleared, coughing stopped. That's the beauty of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure. It gets to the root of things and cleans up a cold and all chest troubles in double-quick time. There's fifty years' fame behind the name. 2/6 & 4/6 a bottle.

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Stranger left alone at women's parties

WOMEN have one very common fault when they are gathered together in a room for tea or at a party when a stranger from another town is present:

They will talk intimately to their old friends about local affairs, their cooking, or families.

All this is very dull for the visitor who, by tactful questioning, might prove to be very interesting, and who, by being strange, should at least be paid extra attention.

Do men treat strange men in this way?

Mrs. Jane Hursthouse, Hastings, New Zealand.

hunger to countless numbers of our fellow Australians, and I think we should do more to relieve the suffering nearer at hand.

Mrs. E. Ganter, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

Not needed yet

IN England in 1919 there were many children suffering in health and development from restrictions imposed of necessity during war years.

Food and pleasure restrictions are not necessary here, and should not be imposed upon our children.

Ice-cream and sweets in reasonable quantities have food value, and the relaxation of the pictures can be a reward for good schoolwork.

Also, the production of these things keeps many people in employment.

Our children can help in many ways, but do not let us deprive them of their own small pleasures when it is not necessary.

E. A. Paterson, 23 McKenzie St., Seaford, Vic.

Many contribute

PRACTICALLY every school in the country has concerts, coffee-days, tuck-shop days, as well as a list for donations.

The children also knit, have pet shows, doll contests, and parties.

A considerable sum of money finds its way into the war fund from the schools, largely through the self-denial of the pupils.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 22 Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

INDIGESTION ended!



"I was afraid to eat"

Here is proof that chronic indigestion can be overcome. Read this report, just one more of the remarkable tributes to De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Another user, Mr. V. E. Willis, says:

"I suffered terribly with chronic indigestion for years. I was afraid to eat anything and was just about a wreck when I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder. Within a week I was looking forward to my meals. Now I really thank De Witt's Antacid Powder for having made me feel better than I have done for years."

The first dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder gives instant relief because it immediately neutralises stomach acidity, the cause of heartburn, flatulence or pain after meals. One ingredient soothes and protects the stomach lining and another helps to digest your food.

In fact, De Witt's Antacid Powder is really the modern triple-action treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.

From to-day—eat what you like! Enjoy every meal! Be sure you get the genuine—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence. Of all chemists and stores in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6. Giant size 4/6.

The finest Talcum for a lovely baby

Cuticura Talcum—so delightfully soothing and refreshing absorbs perspiration, prevents chafing and irritation. Let your baby enjoy its soothing comfort every day.



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TALCUM
FOR BABY

CROWNE said abruptly, pointing at it. "Do you see that, Rosina? That's what I am. I have no roots."

She looked at the grey spectral mass hurrying ludicrously across the field, then calmly met Crowne's eyes.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It must be a dreadful way to be."

Later that day Crowne made up his mind to talk with Rosina Van Praag, to disabuse himself of what he realised at length had become an obsession—that there was something mysteriously different about her, an inward beauty to match the outer one. Lenore had been perfection, outwardly.

Frans Van Praag sat on his porch in the twilight, stockinged feet crossed on the railing before him. He was placidly smoking his pipe and dreaming of Holland, and wondering if five years from now he would have enough saved to take the family back for a visit to the old folks.

Boeme's taxi, from town, stopped, and a tall, important-looking gentleman got out.

"I believe that Mr. Jay Crowne is stopping here?" said the gentleman urbanely.

"He is," said Frans. "But just now he walks out somewhere. He will be back soon, sure."

"That's good. I am a friend of his. My name is Ballantyne."

Mrs. Van Praag drew up a chair for the gentleman.

"I am on my way back to New York from the west coast," Ballantyne explained. "I wrote Crowne that I might be able to stop off here for an hour's visit with him and take his new paintings with me. I must return to the city this evening to catch the next train east."

The Van Praags nodded politely.

"Do you mind telling me," Ballantyne asked, "how Crowne is? I mean—does he appear to be in good health? In good spirits?"

"He eats good, sleeps good, works all the time," said Frans.

"Splendid!" The man seemed immensely relieved. "He is one of the greatest of the young landscape painters in America."

Again the Van Praags looked at each other and nodded significantly. "And I must thank you," the stranger went on seriously, "for making him comfortable here. He is to exhibit in my galleries in New York next winter. It means very much to an artist to have sympathetic surroundings."

"In Rotterdam," Frans said, "we have not so great a museum as other places. But when I was a boy my father used to take us on holidays to see the pictures there. And sometimes painters would come and stay at my father's farm near the dyke."

"I see," said the gentleman. "Well, you're understood my friend, then. I'm very glad."

Mrs. Van Praag rose. "I'll go make a little lunch."

Ballantyne smiled, thanked her.

Crowne sat in the moonlight where he could look down across the glimmering field of celery plants below. He could see Rosie approaching now, her white-clad figure straight as a blade in the sheath of night radiance, and he hated himself harshly for the impulse that had prompted him to suggest her coming here when her evening's work was done. What could he possibly have to say to her? And if he did unearth a quality in her which would vindicate his bitterness towards her kind, what of it? Rosina Van Praag meant nothing to him.

She hesitated only a moment when she saw him, then seated herself without a word, spreading

Tumbleweed

Continued from Page 28

her white skirt out and leaning back on the palms of her hands.

"I suppose you know that makes a nice picture, don't you?" he asked with an edgy laugh.

"Why—?" Rosina responded slowly, "perhaps it does! I hadn't thought of it."

"What were you thinking of?" Crowne demanded.

"I was wondering," she said simply, searching his face in a grave way as she inclined just perceptibly towards him, "what it was you wanted me here for."

Crowne stared, abashed and angry. "I'll have to be leaving in a day or two, Rosie," he said. "I just wanted to thank you for everything you've done for me."

He was surprised at the convenient words.

"I haven't done anything much," she said. "We have had artists stay with us before. In Holland, too, our family knew artists. We know they are queer and must be let alone unless they ask us for something."

He glanced at her with a quick frown but Rosina was gazing tranquilly out across the fields. He was aware suddenly that his heart-beat had become oppressive. When he reached out and touched the short sleeve of her dress, ran his hand down the smooth length of her arm, it was an urgency against which he was powerless. He felt the blood drumming in his temples.

She was looking at him, her eyes wide, her curved mouth closer to his, waiting. In confusion Crowne stumbled to his feet, drew her up with him.

"**R**OSIE," he blurted out, "you'd better go back to the house. You remember what I said about myself—the tumbleweed. I'm not fine and sturdy, like you! You see—I can think about nothing but my painting. I—I'd like to be alone here for a while."

She stood away from him and said slowly, pensively, "The day you came I had a feeling something marvellous was going to happen. But it was a lie. That doesn't matter, though. Good-bye, Jay."

He wanted desperately to stop her then, but he stood with his hands hanging numb at his sides and watched her go. The night became at once empty beauty. He sat down on the warm grass and buried his head in his hands. This was the truth, then, that he had found in himself: he could not ask the girl Rosina to share his disfigured life. Lenore was still in it—the memory of her a poison seeping through it. He had hoped to find a disillusioning flaw in Rosina, but all he had found was a flaw in himself. That flaw was the memory of Lenore, from whom there was no escape. And yet—perhaps there would be escape. In a place like this, where there were health and simplicity, and roots? New roots. Of course the roots would only be symbolical—as symbolical as the tumbleweed. It would be a place to come back to—for himself and Rosina to come back to.

Rosina came in through the kitchen door and found her mother making sandwiches and iced tea.

Please turn to Page 32

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ONES"

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WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE has been famous for 45 years. Try a handy-sized 1½ bottle to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.



WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

- 1.—How deeply the great A.I.F. march across the Blue Mountains in the last weeks would have stirred the souls of those intrepid pioneers who first made the crossing possible—Blaxland, Wentworth and Lawson. Was that Lawson the poet Henry Lawson?
Yes—no.
- 2.—Talking of our Australian poets, which one of them wrote "How We Beat the Favorite"?
Adam Lindsay Gordon—Henry Lawson — "Banjo" Paterson — Henry Kendall.
- 3.—Very handy stuff, asbestos. You know, maybe, that it is
A mineral—a metal—manufactured from different substances.
- 4.—The approach of spring has us very garden-conscious. Don't be overwhelmed though if some proud gardener boasts of his magnificent display of myosotis. This is only another name for the little
Daisy—Sweet Alice—buttercup—forget-me-not.
- 5.—You've heard it often enough, but it's still easy to forget that boiling point (Fahrenheit) is reached at
32 degrees—98—106—178—212—242.
- 6.—An anniversary you'd never have thought of occurs this week—on Friday, August 1, the anniversary of the death of Cleopatra. You know plenty about this erstwhile glamor girl of the Middle East, but only one of these statements about her is true.
She was the last of the Pharaohs—she led her army in person against Caesar Augustus—she was the last of the Ptolemy rulers—she rode to meet Mark Antony on a gilded elephant.
- 7.—A Borzoi? That's easy! It's a kind of
Dog—soup—foreign municipality—vegetable—fowl.
- 8.—It's your own fault for not following current events if you can't say straight off in what country or countries are
Zeila—Berbera.
- 9.—Of course you've heard of the Grand Opera, "Carmen." It was composed by
Gounod—Bellini—Verdi—Mozart—Beech.
- 10.—This may come as a surprise. The world's first tram ran in
Paris—New York—Manchester—Pekin—Cologne—Brussels.

Answers on Page 32

Keep the family well on BOVRIL

Keep fit and you'll keep happy. By its unique power to stimulate the vital digestive process, Bovril helps you to get full benefit from your food, and so maintains your energy and strength at the highest level.



DRINK BOVRIL DAILY FOR HEALTH AND VITALITY

Women also Serve.

Astronomers' Club now works for Comforts Fund

A GROUP of business and professional women in Brisbane, members of the Young Women's Christian Association, who, before the war were interested in astronomy, have now formed themselves into the Orion Club.

They meet regularly at the Y.W.C.A. to knit and sew. Their garments are sent to overseas refugees through the Girl Guides' Association, and their socks and handkerchiefs direct to the A.I.P.

Also in the association rooms every Wednesday afternoon a group of women meet to sew garments and knit socks for whomsoever they are needed. Anyone is welcome, and those who cannot already knit are taught by willing teachers. This group was organised as soon as war broke out by the president of the association, Mrs. W. E. Savage, ably assisted by Mrs. E. G. Harris. Mrs. B. Bardon is the honorary secretary, and Miss Munkley the honorary treasurer.

Has written march for Australian troops

IN troupe marches of the A.I.P. troops bands have played a stirring tune which now is known to thousands of the men.

Twenty-year-old Beverley Lane, of Sydney, composed the words and music of "The A.I.P. is Marching."

It is the first song she has had published, and the reason for its inspiration is the fact that she has brothers in the A.C.F. and also in the Air Force.

A recording of the song was made recently by Mr. Peter Dawson, and in a national broadcasting session of news about the A.I.P. march to Bathurst, the tune was played to open and close the programme.

Many copies have been sent to the men overseas, and Miss Lane has received news from her brothers that military bands are playing the march in England and Palestine.

Has designed hold-all for Red Cross kit

USEFUL khaki drill hold-alls for first-aid kits for the Red Cross have been designed by South Australian Mrs. H. Lamcraft.

They are in the shape of a haversack when they are closed, but when opened out are in the form of a cross.

Each angle or point of the cross is allotted to certain articles. The scissors and forceps are in one place, the large bandages in another and the smaller bandages in a third and so on.

Firm straps hold the articles in place.



MISS MURIEL HUTCHINGS, Miss Evelyn Underhill, and Mrs. E. G. Harris working at the Young Women's Christian Association. They have already sent parcels overseas.

Arranging air-mail letters for 2/2nd Field Regiment

BECAUSE of the uncertainty of ordinary mails, members of the 2/2nd Field Regiment Comforts Fund, Melbourne, have arranged an excellent plan whereby all members of the regiment will receive messages from home by fortnightly air mail.

It was decided to send a number of letters in one envelope to the commanding officer, who will distribute them.

Mrs. Michael Buring, whose husband is one of the troop commanders, is hon. secretary.

To the list of 500 friends and relatives of men in the regiment she will send fortnightly a sheet of air-mail paper advising them to write on one side of the paper, fold with writing inside, and gum the edges with stamp paper. The soldier's number, rank, name, and battery will be written on the outside of the sheet.

Mrs. Buring will send a mass despatch of mail overseas, with postage paid by the regiment's Comforts Fund.

Moved to larger rooms as work increasing

WORK of the South Brisbane Comforts Fund, Queensland Division, is increasing under the capable presidency of Mrs. A. B. Steele and her strong committee. Tuesdays and Thursdays are sewing days, when wool is distributed and garments made by the 50 members.

Several sewing-machines have been lent for the duration. A feature of the branch is a "white elephant" cupboard where china, books, ornaments and other useful articles are sold to members, some of whom have also made various novelties for sale.

Each member has her own responsible work, which creates individual interest in the cause.

The secretary is Mrs. H. Peartless, and the branch recently moved into larger rooms in Stanley Street to extend the work.

Works sixteen hours a day for sailors' societies

THERE are few spare minutes for Mrs. K. Crouch, wife of Padre Crouch, of the Port Adelaide Seamen's Mission.

Beginning her day at 7.30 a.m. she works until 11.30 p.m.

During this time the needs of seamen in port are attended to, entertainments arranged in their honor, and comforts collected and despatched to merchant seamen in war zones.

Mrs. Crouch and her assistant, Miss Valda Bassani, have just finished packing a large number of boxes containing warm garments to be forwarded to the British Sailors' Society headquarters in London.

Each box is crammed with a hundred woollen articles - varying from socks and mittens to scarves, pull-overs, and balaclava caps.

These will be distributed among merchant seamen who have lost all their belongings.

Branch members raised £1000 in 9 months

THE Judean Red Cross Branch, Melbourne, with its 250 members and its company of 144 emergency service workers, has set a fine example by raising no less than £1000 in nine and a half months, as well as turning out 803 articles from pairs of mittens to flannel under-pants and kithbags for the Red Cross.

The president, Mrs. M. C. Davis, and her committee, had the pleasure the other day of handing over £200 to the Society to help maintain a 15-bed ward at the Convalescent Hospital.

Enterprising women in this branch have roped in 40 men to form a circle of their own to help with finances, but they are always discovering new methods of raising money themselves.

Their latest move is to encourage every member to have at least one table of bridge at her house every week.



FIRST OFFICER of the W.A.N.S. to wear her official uniform is Mrs. A. H. Stockley, of the physical training section.

Working to enlist recruits to add to 6000 W.A.N.S.

MEMBERSHIP of the Women's Auxiliary National Service in New South Wales has reached 6000, but executive officers are anxious to increase it by at least another 3000.

There is no limit to membership, and recruits will be accepted at any of the recognised depots.

One section of the W.A.N.S. which has its programme in full swing is the physical training department.

Mrs. A. H. Stockley, an administrative officer, said that every Monday and Wednesday from 6.15 to 7.45 p.m. more than 400 girls attend classes at the Exhibition Building, Sydney.

ASTHMA

The best known relief

ASTHMA - choking terror of so many - is soothed away, relieved away - by inhaling VAPOR-CRESOLINE while you sleep. Makes breathing normal, sleep restful. Mr. C. B. Camden Rd., London N. writes: "I have for many years been troubled with asthma, but have found great relief from inhaling VAPOR-CRESOLINE in the room I sleep in. Others to whom I have recommended it have also found it very helpful." For 60 years the proved vapour treatment for Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Croup, Diphtheria, Harmless. From all Chemists.

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Without Calomel - And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet maximum in making life flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/2.

THERE ISN'T ANOTHER SOAP IN THE SAME STREET AS PEARS...

TAKE MY TIP -
GIVE YOUR HUSBAND
PEARS...THE SOAP MEN
ALWAYS LIKE BEST...
AND ENJOY

Pears Tonic Action
FOR YOUR OWN COMPLEXION



The unique quality of Pears' soap is traditional. Men appreciate it as they appreciate a fine old wine... matured and mellowed to the point of perfection. Besides, Pears' tonic action is so refreshing for all... In a lifeless complexion, it swiftly awakens a radiant, youthful glow!

Pears
ORIGINAL
TRANSPARENT SOAP

ECONOMICAL

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It goes far, till it is sure to make the most of it. The water, washed, is mixed into the suds in a new cake, and becomes part of it.



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POIGNANT DRAMA...
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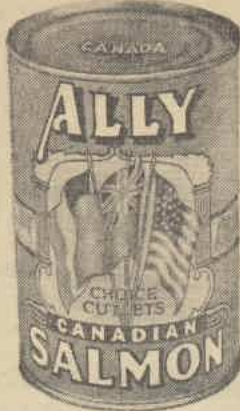
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BEST VALUE
FOR MONEY

It's flavour sealed
in quarter, half and one pound
tins.

HELP
KIDNEYS PASS
3 LBS. A DAY

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 million of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. Most people pass about 2 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood are the cause of frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning, nagging back-ache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

If kidneys don't empty 3 pints a day and get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your body will take up these poisons causing serious trouble. Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS... used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 million of kidney tubes. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist or store.

"YOU been out somewhere dreaming again?" Mrs. Van Praag chided good-naturedly. "It's time you learn, my girl. You take Peeb or don't take him. We have a somebody here to-night on the porch waiting for Mr. Crowne. It is like we thought—he is a great artist. One of the greatest in America."

"Of course," said Rosina. "Maybe you better go to bed, Rosina. You look sort of pale, like." Rosina turned quickly to the door, her lips trembling.

When he had packed his belongings the next afternoon in the loft, Jay Crowne stood in the ominously darkening heat and ran his hand over his wet forehead.

Ballantyne had brought back the past—crucially clear. For it was Ballantyne's nephew whom Lenore had found more interesting than himself, Jay Crowne. It was Ballantyne's nephew he had almost killed because of Lenore.

No, you couldn't ask a girl like Rosina Van Praag to share a past like that with you, a past that was still living. Lenore had that power—to live in a man after the human part of him was dead. Only Crowne the artist was living. He wondered wearily if Rosina might be made to understand that. But in a few hours he would be away from here, forever. There would be no reason for his trying to explain anything to her.

Now he threw himself heavily down upon the bed the Van Praag boys had set up here for him. In a few minutes the dull, motionless heat enclosing him, he slept.

He awakened some time later in what seemed a livid artificial darkness. He sprang up, immediately conscious that someone had frantically called his name. He saw Rosina before him, white with terror.

"Jay, hurry down!" she cried. "A tornado is coming! We've got to get to the root cellar!"

Tumbleweed

Continued from Page 30

ing consciousness, flickered into a ghost of a smile.

"My head—hurts," she murmured. At that moment the doctor and a nurse came in, and Frans Van Praag stood up dazedly from his armchair.

In a little while the doctor said to the men, "You two can go home now and get some sleep. Our young lady is going to be all right, I think."

But during the night, while he slept on a makeshift bed in the Van Praag kitchen, Jay Crowne stared into what seemed interminable darkness. The doctor had said, "I think!"

Some time before dawn the startling luminous truth came to him that during those long hours of racking suspense he had not once thought of Lenore. He felt all at once extraordinarily free. It was Lenore who had died. Rosina would live!

It was late morning before they would permit him to see her. He sat close to the bed after the nurse had stolen out, smiling, and took Rosina's hand into both his own. She looked at him with eyes reassuringly clear. Crowne swallowed hard and smiled a broken smile.

"Why did you do it, Rosie?" he asked hardly, dreading her answer and yet hoping for it. "Why did you risk your life for me?"

Her eyes drifted wearily to the window, half drooped.

"You are a great artist. Wasn't that reason enough? There aren't many great artists."

"Oh, Rosina!" He bent his head vehemently down upon the lax hand. "Tell me that wasn't the reason. Tell me it was because of me—myself!"

When he ventured to look at her again, her soft dark gaze was upon him in a wonder that seemed to come to full waking. She smiled and tried to move her head closer to his, and then winced with a little laugh. Jay Crowne laughed with her and laid his face against her bare brown throat.

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SHE'S NEVER
CAMERA SHY—thanks to a
CLEAR SKIN

There are no flaws in her complexion to spoil the picture—she regularly uses Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Wright's is the perfect complexion soap. Its deep-cleansing antiseptic rather really purifies the pores—protects the skin against dirt and danger—acts like a tonic on tired tissues. Wright's is the only soap containing "Liquor Carbonis Detergens," the soothing skin medication used and recommended by leading skin specialists.

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ANY TIME.
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MEETING JACK IN 10
MINUTES—AND SNAP
GOES A LADDER!

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cuts down
ladders
saves elasticity

Lux preserves elasticity, makes stockings fit without a wrinkle and wear far longer without ladders.

Avoid harmful rubbing with ordinary soaps. Lux contains no soda.

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every wearing."



A LEVER PRODUCT

The answer is—

1. No.
2. Adam Lindsay Gordon.
3. A mineral.
4. Forget-me-not.
5. 212 degrees.
6. She was the last of the Phloemy rulers.
7. Dog.
8. British Somaliland.
9. Blizz.
10. New York.

Questions on Page 30

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is **LIFE!**

Start a course of Cream of Yeast today. You will be amazed at the swiftness with which it gives you new pep, clearer skin, brighter eyes, new lasting vitality. It stops Aches and Pains, Colds, Sleeplessness, Digestive Upset, Blood Troubles, and many ills that night, but for its valuable anti-germ, anti-acid and restorative properties lead to serious illness. Obtainable from all chemists and stores. 1/3, 2/3, 3/4, and 5/8. Or if you have any difficulty write direct to Amalgamated Laboratories, Shell House, Carrington St., Sydney. CY 862A

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First thing in the morning—Gibbs, to keep your smile sparkling all day. Last thing at night—Gibbs, to search out every fragment of food that could cause decay... to make your mouth clean, sweet and healthy!

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A BOOK TO READ



LATE EMPEROR
KARL.

(IN CIRCLE) Ex-Empress Zita, still ambitious for her son.



Mother's ambition in European intrigues

In the tragic stream of humanity which poured out of Belgium and France into Spain before the invasion of the Nazis, indistinguishable among thousands of other refugees were the representatives of one of the proudest Royal houses of Europe.

EX-EMPRESS ZITA, of Hungary, and her son, Archduke Otto, Pretender to the Hapsburg throne of Austria, were able to find refuge in America, and it is believed that the rest of Zita's eight children are with her.

For twenty-two years, eighteen of them as a widow, Zita has been a refugee.

Bertita Harding tells her tragic story in "Imperial Twilight," beginning with her betrothal to the young Archduke Karl, who became Emperor of the Austrian Empire just before the war of 1914-18.

Unlike other Royal exiles, the liberal-minded peaceable Karl had done nothing to ensure his financial security, and he and his large family lived in poverty and unroyal simplicity in Switzerland when they were exiled from Austria.

Zita, though an Italian, has shown herself to be more Hapsburg than the Hapsburgs.

Within a few months of their exile, she persuaded her husband that it was his right and duty to return to Hungary, where he had been crowned King as a young man, when Hungary was still part of his Empire.

The story of Karl's two attempts to regain his throne, once by himself, the second time with Zita at his side, is more exciting than highly colored fiction.

On the first attempt Karl travelled as Rodrigo Sanchez, a Portuguese gardener at their Switzerland villa, who bore a marked resemblance to Karl.

Lacked a uniform

IN Vienna Karl met Count Erdody, who took him by car across the Hungarian frontier. From the frontier the King of Hungary travelled by horse and cart.

At the bishop's palace at Szombathely the King's arrival interrupted an Easter feast.

He was offered the support of soldiers for his arrival in Budapest, but he insisted that he should go alone to inform the Regent, Admiral Horthy, that he had returned to his throne.

Late at night someone suggested the King might be dressed more suitably. The regimental tailor was sent for, and the huns in a nearby convent were awakened to embroider the King's insignia.

They worked all night, and the King was bedecked in his new uniform early in the morning.

His meeting with the Regent was a failure.

"Your Majesty must hurry back to Switzerland at once," said the Regent.



ARCHDUKE OTTO, Pretender to throne of Austria.

"Never! I have come to take over the office you preserved for me," said Karl.

"It is too soon, Sir. The Entente forbids it, and our enemies will tear Hungary apart..."

THE restless Zita organised Karl's second attempt to regain his throne.

She sold some of her jewels to finance the expedition, and decided to accompany Karl though she was soon to have her eighth child.

This time they travelled by aeroplane to Hungary.

Royalists supplied a train for them, and in spite of Karl's protests that he would not let Hungarians fight Hungarians he found himself with a growing army as the train moved across the country.

An hour away from Budapest the troop train ahead was fired on. There was a battle on the railway-line.

Karl ordered the locomotive to be detached from his train and asked the engine-driver to drive him into the firing-line so that he could order both sides to lay down their arms. Zita insisted on going with him.

With a white tablecloth fixed to the engine funnel this strange peace envoy chugged along the line to the scene of fighting.

The tablecloth flag was blown to pieces and the engine-driver wounded. When Karl was nearly surrounded by his enemies one of his generals reversed the engine and took the peace mission out of danger.

Karl and Zita were exiled to Madeira, where Karl died from lung trouble at the age of 34.

Zita and her family lived in Spain until the monarchy there was overthrown, when they moved to Belgium.

Patched clothes and little food were commonplace for them there.

Zita's schemes to have Otto restored to the Austrian throne were frustrated by the Anschluss. Hitler's men charged Zita with treason; a price was put on Otto's head.

"Imperial Twilight," by Bertita Harding. (Harrap.)

WIPE COLDS & FLU OFF the SLATE

Wipe Colds, 'Flu and Rheumatism off the slate this Winter with 'ASPRO' and banish anxiety and worry from the home. Don't wait till a simple Cold gets hold of you and sends you to bed. **TAKE 'ASPRO' AT FIRST SIGNS OF A COLD AND NIP IT IN THE BUD.** No home medicine chest is complete without 'ASPRO'! You will find 'ASPRO' helpful to every member of the household, for, besides banishing Colds, 'Flu and Rheumatism, it brings sweet sleep to the sleepless and stops Headaches almost immediately. Always keep a Packet in the home.

DO IT TONIGHT WITH 'ASPRO'

TAKE 3 'ASPRO' Tablets or an 'ASPRO' Powder immediately the first sign of a cold appears, and 2 or 3 tablets or a powder every 2 or 3 hours afterwards until the symptoms disappear; a hot, stimulating drink to be taken with the last dose when going to bed. Some people use lemon for the hot drink, some prefer whisky, while others mix the two. It is advisable when taking 'ASPRO' for Colds and 'Flu to keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent a chill.

'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM the HEART

'ASPRO' STOPS PAIN in FIVE MINUTES

'ASPRO' SMASHES COLDS & FLU IN ONE NIGHT

SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT of Skin Diseases!

**BLEMISHES DISAPPEAR
ALMOST OVERNIGHT**

MR. RICHARD E. DIAMOND'S RE-
MARKABLE DERMATOLOGICAL DIS-
COVERY HAS SUCCEEDED IN NUM-
BERS OF SO-CALLED "HOPELESS"
CASES.



Mr. Richard E. Diamond
Chemist.

skin diseases when other treatments
have proved entirely useless.

FREE DIAGNOSIS

Readers are invited to write or call for
a FREE DIAGNOSIS of their case.
Describe your symptoms fully. Mr.
Diamond has on file many hundreds
of letters from grateful patients.

Write to, or call and see

MR. RICHARD DIAMOND
CHEMIST, at his Only Address,
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SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS— when treated with "VANIX"

become less and less noticeable after
the first few applications, then gradu-
ally wither and finally are completely
destroyed.

"Vanix," a scientific discovery of Paul
Van Schuyler, is simple and pleasant
to use, quite harmless to the skin, and
is obtainable, price 5/6 (posted 5/10),
from Italian Pty. Ltd., 115 George St.,
Sydney, and all 12 branches; Swift's
Pharmacy, 372 Pitt St., Melbourne.
The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.,
and Barks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 57B
Rundle St., Adelaide.

DEANE

laughed as he dialed the number. "You don't know Edna. She thinks I'm at the office, and if I don't call her as usual she'll have the police on my trail." He broke off to say, "Hello, darling. Fine. . . . How's everything? . . . Oh, fine. Jeff got off to school all right? . . . Oh, sure, fine. . . . Not a bit, I feel fine." He stopped, and looked a little confused. "Me, too," he assured her awkwardly. "Yes, a couple of people. . . ."

Kirkland turned away. Mrs. Deane had doubtlessly said, "I love you," and "A couple of people" meant that he and the nurse and technician were standing in the way of an adequate rejoinder. Kirkland was stirred. Although the Deanes must be married ten years, the romance hadn't worn off. They'd kept the courtship habit of telephoning each other every day. Some might call it bondage, stagnation. But Kirkland suddenly felt as if he wanted to kneel before this marriage. He wanted to pay homage to the humble beauty of it.

"Look here—" He touched Philip Deane's shoulder.

Deane covered the transmitter with his hand.

"Take her out for dinner and a show," Kirkland hurriedly suggested.

Deane's face lit up. "You mean honest-to-God food?"

"Honest-to-God food, and a couple of drinks thrown in."

Fear lifted from Deane's eyes. "I guess you're pretty sure of the way these tests are going to turn out."

"Pretty sure," Kirkland answered levelly. "Enjoy yourself. I'll see you in the morning."

He had a sense of feeling from the room. At this time to-morrow all the little concerns, all the little pleasures that seemed to-day so important to Edna and Philip Deane would have ceased to be important.

He didn't stop to wait for the elevator. He ran down two flights of stairs.

Catherine Merrill's room, darkened and quiet, was like a haven of peace.

Women in White

Continued from Page 6

She was alone. Asleep, Kirkland stood, indeterminate, and then started to tiptoe away.

"Don't be silly. Come back."

He turned. She was smiling at him. He walked to her side, and looked down at her. "I've been waiting hours for you," she told him.

"Sorry to have been late. Things piled up."

She nodded. "You've got that look."

"What look?"

"If you had a wife, I'd say you'd had a fight with her. It sticks out all over you."

"That's an unfair advantage," he countered. "With those bandages on I can't see anything but your eyes." He studied her. "Not a bad job. I've done you up like one of those ads of a beauty treatment."

"I only hope you're a good beauty doctor." Her voice broke. "I'd hate to be something people pity or turn away from. Are you thinking of that?"

FOR answer he drew up a chair and sat down beside her. It might do them both good to talk—her to talk about something outside herself, and him to talk about the things within himself.

He said, "I had no such thought, believe me. I suppose I was still thinking of a little boy who was wheeled out of the operating-room this morning with a sheet over his face. And of a young doctor taking a quixotic, daring position which can only result in dismissal from the hospital, and a black eye to all future work in medicine. And of an X-ray that I just saw of a man with a wife and two youngsters—and the odds ten to one against him."

"Oh." The single grave syllable conveyed an understanding that was like a warm, friendly hand-clasp. "Somehow," she went on after a moment, with a note of wonder, "I never thought doctors allowed personal issues to touch them."

"They oughtn't to," he admitted. "I shouldn't like you if you didn't," she said softly.

After a long pause Catherine said, "I can feel the death of the little boy, and the case of the man who faces a slim chance, but they are outside my emotional experience—somehow, it just means the end of the road for them. This young doctor you mention is different. It's life in flux, and raises a problem of human conduct."

"Tell me," he said abruptly, "why would a woman want to be a doctor?"

"That's a pretty big order to throw at me," she smiled.

He rose. "It is. And you oughtn't to be talking. You need rest and absolute quiet."

"Oh, please. It does me good, it keeps me from thinking. Sit down again, do— Why would a woman want to be a doctor? Lots of reasons."

"Name one. One good one," he humored her.

"Well, I'd say off-hand that when a woman goes out into a man's world it is because of some deficiency within herself. She either doesn't want, or feels that she can't have, what a woman normally wants."

"Meaning marriage and children."

"Exactly. I've never known a woman physician, but I should think that medicine would be an attractive substitute to the intellectual type; as a matter of fact, there must be tremendous spiritual satisfaction in medicine for anyone."

He regarded her with interest. She was something of an anomaly. Bred in an artificial world of society, she was singularly divorced from its shallow values. Her mind was clear and analytical, her powers of formulation unusually fluent.

"Was the young doctor you were talking about a woman doctor?" she suddenly asked.

HE

started. He hadn't expected her to make the deduction. "Yes," he admitted briefly. "And she has unusual ability, too, worse luck. If Philip Deane pulls out of this he'll owe his life to her."

"Philip Deane's the man with the ten-to-one chance?"

"Yes."

"And the little boy who died? . . . Shouldn't have died, she believes."

"And is she right?"

"I don't know."

Catherine Merrill studied the man seated at her bedside. She studied him objectively and dispassionately.

"Do I know her?" she asked.

It was his turn to smile. "I thought you said you didn't know any women doctors?"

"Quite right. I was just curious," she confessed. It was as near the truth as she could come.

He rose and took her hand lightly in his. "I've got to be going. I didn't mean to make a mystery of it—her name is Dr. Ferris. And beyond her name I know very little else about her. I'm afraid I don't think much of women in medicine. In fact," he blurted out, "I dishd her appointment to the surgical post yesterday."

"Oh," said Catherine. She couldn't think of anything else to say, and suddenly she was too tired to keep things clear in her mind. She wished that Dr. Kirkland could stay on and on—a solid anchor in a shredding world.

"Are you saying good-bye? Or taking my pulse?" she asked unsteadily.

"Both. I'll look in on you this evening."

"The nurse said you'd probably change the dressings."

"Nurses ought to be muzzled."

"I don't need her to tell me it'll hurt like fury."

"That's where we'll fool you."

"More opiates?"

"As much as you need to keep you comfortable. I've left orders."

Please turn to Page 36



And before going to bed . .
a bath with the
**NEW Super-milled
LIFEBUOY**

FOR Mother well knows that the place to safeguard her little one's health is in the bath. That pretty, coral-pink tablet—though mild and gentle enough for sensitive skins—contains the famous Lifebuoy element that guards against the dangers in dirt. Its plentiful creamy lather

cleanses all over, sends young people off to bed soothed and comforted.

And for you—discreet protection!

A soap so pleasant and smooth is clearly the most luxurious care for you. And that famous health element discreetly protects personal daintiness—keeps you completely safe from "B.O."

Menfolk often prefer Regular Lifebuoy.
Don't forget to order a supply for them.



A LEVER PRODUCT



Keeps young skins lovably fresh



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, is trying to escape from Cockaigne with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant. The beautiful
PRINCESS NARDA: Is also with them. She wishes to
 avoid being forced to marry
AVERY, DUKE OF HECTARES: Friend of
PRINCE SEGRID: Narda's ambitious brother, who is anxious
 to regain the throne.

Mandrake has escaped the Duke's men, but they plot
 to trap Lothar, knowing that Mandrake will not leave
 the country without him. It takes nearly a regiment of
 soldiers to capture Lothar, who is locked in the steel
 chamber, while Mandrake, unaware of his plight, en-
 gages an aeroplane to take them away.

NOW READ ON:



STEALING UP THE BACK
 WAY, MANDRAKE
 REACHES HIS ROOM
 TO FIND....



TAKE IT EASY.
 HE'LL COME.



YES. THEY BUY MY
 TINWEAR. I HAVE
 ONLY THE FINEST.
 MAYBE YOU'D
 LIKE TO BUY--



FOR THAT
 MONEY, YOU
 CAN JOKE ALL
 YOU WANT!
 IT'S A DEAL.



THE PICTURE OF A
 PEDDLER. YOU'D
 FOOL YOUR OWN
 MOTHER.



OH, YES.
 COME IN.
 FOLLOW ME.



THANK YOU.



THE DOOR
 SUDDENLY
 SLAMS SHUT--
 A STEEL
 DOOR...



HOW NICE OF
 YOU TO CALL.
 WE'VE BEEN
 WAITING
 FOR YOU!



DON'T WASTE YOUR
 BREATH ASKING
 FOOLISH QUESTIONS,
 DUKE.



YES. PERHAPS I'M NOT
 WASTING MY BREATH
 NOW! WHERE IS
 NARDA?



YOU DON'T LIKE IT? DON'T PUT
 ON AIRS YET, DEAR SEGRID.
 IF YOU GET THE THRONE, IT'LL
 BE BECAUSE I PUT YOU THERE!
 DON'T FORGET THAT!



WHY DIDN'T
 YOU SAY SO!
 SEND MEN!



THEY MUST KNOW
 I'M HERE! DAD--
 WHERE CAN
 I GO?



TO BE CONTINUED



RELAX TIRED MUSCLES

drive pain clean out!

When your joints and muscles are swollen and your muscles ache with rheumatism—don't doze yourself up and wait helplessly. Get instant relief! Rub in St. Jacob's Oil. You feel it working glow on your skin as it goes quickly to work. You feel this soothing, penetrating oil sink deep into your muscles and joints. You actually feel it drawing out the pain and ache. Quick, glorious relief from Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago and Neuritis. St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Your chemist sells St. Jacob's Oil.

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Choking, gasping, whooping Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health and weaken your heart. In 3 minutes Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curing the attacks. The very first day the strangling mucus is dissolved, thus giving free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No doses, no smoke, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and be entirely free from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely cure your Asthma in 3 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your Chemist. The guarantee protects you. Mendaco . . . Now 3/-, 6/- and 12/-

"I'm glad," she whispered. "Is it pretty awful?" She shook her head. "Not really." But it was awful. She could bear it while he was with her. Plain Merrill pride. Not courage, the way he thought. She wanted everything Bill Kirkland had to give her except pity. Maybe she'd be better off if she could give way. Pain washed over her in waves. She gave herself to pain, and soon there was only darkness . . .

She awakened to see the nurse standing by her side, bearing armful of flowers and the afternoon papers. "Such a lovely picture of you right on the front page," Miss Randall continued. "And reporters galore. It's as exciting as being kidnapped, or flying the Atlantic or something. Aren't these heavenly flowers? Mr. Baring sent the big basket—his mother's on this floor."

Catherine's lids drooped. It was an effort to keep them open. Tony Baring. His mother and her mother had been friends at boarding school. It would have been one of those agreeable matches if it had ever worked out. Lucky for her, with a brace of dominant matriarchs at the helm, that Tony had never progressed beyond the mental age of ten.

"How's the woman who was in the car?" she asked wearily. "Mrs. Clancy? Oh, she went home right after emergency dressed her. But she was here this morning with her husband and four children. The photographers took a group picture of them. She brought these flowers for you. Where are they? Oh, here they are." She produced a small box of modest blooms.

"Put Mrs. Clancy's flowers on the table beside me, and stack the others over there somewhere."

"From to-morrow on," thought Catherine, "I'll send everything to the children's ward." Too much effort now to speak about it. The bandages were torture.

Women in White

Continued from Page 34

She felt a prick in her arm. "Thanks," she breathed. "I think you're just wonderful." Miss Randall said, "The way you lie there without a whimper."

She felt light and free, like being on a vacation. "Is there a Dr. Ferris in the house?" she asked in a high, clear voice.

"Shhh—" Miss Randall murmured, bending over her. "Let the nice medicine send you sleepy-bye. That's a good girl—"

"I want to see Dr. Ferris."

"Do you know Dr. Ferris?"

"Intimately. She's my best friend."

"Oh. That's different, I thought maybe you wanted to see her professionally, and in that case Dr. Kirkland would have to call her."

"Beautiful ethics tied up in pink ribbons."

"I'll see if she's in the hospital."

Miss Randall turned at the door. "Are you sure you feel all right?"

"I feel marvellous."

The door closed on her. Catherine said, "Now see what you've done." She laughed. She was asleep next to herself, and pretended not to hear. There she was, drowning in pain, and not a whimper out of her, just like the nurse had said.

"You're a fool," Catherine murmured aloud. "I've managed to get clear of it. But you're stupid enough to lie there, taking it." Cunning stirred within her. "When Dr. Ferris comes, I shall say you called her. I shall say that I had nothing to do with it." Dr. Ferris would be lean of flank and sensible of heel. She would wear horn glasses and a utilitarian hairdress. She would say, severely, "This is a case of split personality. Off with her head!"

Catherine's eyes flew open. She wondered if she'd talked aloud. "Miss Randall?" Miss Randall wasn't in the room. She found the buzzer pinned conveniently at hand. She pressed it. The floor nurse came, in starched white and blue. She was

small, and young, and eager. "Did you want something, Miss Merrill? Your special's just gone off the floor—"

"Nothing, thank you . . ."

"I do hope you're feeling better."

The nurse's wide brown eyes were full of awe and pity.

"Much better . . ." Catherine managed to smile. Inwardly she was sick with shame. Miss Randall was on her way to Dr. Ferris. "This'll be the last dose of morphine for me, thank you . . ." she silently vowed.

The last of a long line of clinic patients filed toward Dr. Ferris's desk. Margaret read the card filled out in Nurse Sanderson's tidy printing. "Blossom Schultz." She examined the child and prescribed treatment.

Her voice took on a note of authority as she turned to the child's mother. "See that Blossom has her medicine, and bring her back to-morrow morning. If I'm not here Dr. Carroll will take care of her."

She turned to her desk, and began to make notes on Blossom Schultz's card. Mrs. Schultz backed away.

"The woman thinks you're crazy," Sandy ejaculated when they were alone. "And so do I. What do you mean, you mightn't be here to-morrow morning?"

"Just that."

"So that's the story, is it?" Sandy folded her arms akimbo. "So that's what happened up in Dr. Hausmann's office?"

Margaret nodded toward the card. "This youngster bears a check-up for sugar. If it is a diabetic case, the medicine ought to clinch it. See that Dr. Carroll follows up on it, will you?"

Sandy sat down abruptly. "Then you're sacked," she said in a queer, stifled voice. "Just because you blew off the handle to a pompous fool like Fancy-Vests, who had it coming to him, you're sacked."

"I'm not sacked. I resigned." Margaret walked to the closet, swung open the door, and looked at herself in the small mirror.

"I've seen worse," Sandy admitted grudgingly. "And now if we've beat around the bush enough let's get down to business." She cleared her throat. "You mightn't like what I'm going to say, but I'm going to say it. You're acting just like a woman. And if Dr. Hausmann's the man I think he is, he'll take steps to hammer a little sense into your head."

MARGARET closed the closet door and drew on her gloves. "Listen here, Sandy," she said. "Calm down and look at this thing sensibly. Dr. Hausmann realises that if I could prove the statement I made concerning Dr. Bates, there'd be no question of my resigning. But since I can't prove it, and since I can't morally send patients to Bates' surgery, there's only one course for me to take."

"It's a fine mess," said Sandy bitterly. She busied herself at the desk with the clinic records. "You wouldn't be needing a nurse or an assistant, would you?" she mumbled. "I'm tired of hospital work. Been at it too many years. Getting old now."

"How would you like me to burst out crying?"

"It might show you're human."

"I'm human."

"No you're not. You're just ninety per cent. doctor—blamed good doctor—and the other ten per cent. dynamite."

Margaret put her arms around the plump shoulders. "I mightn't be human, Sandy, but I've got the sense to love you for the best friend I've got."

"You think I'm fooling about going in with you?" Sandy gruffly challenged.

"I know you're not. But it's no good. This hospital could lose a lot of doctors and not miss them as much as Jennie Sanderson. And as for going in with me—I haven't got enough practice to pay my rent, much less an office nurse."

"Then how're you going to manage if you leave the hospital? How're you going to get ahead. How're you going to be the great surgeon you always dreamed of being?"

"I don't know," said Margaret.

Please turn to Page 37

Sprains Sports Injuries RUB OUT PAIN with IODEX

In every field of Sport throughout the world, Iodex is used as First-Aid treatment because of its great pain reducing and healing properties. Iodex does not stain or blister the skin. Below are extracts from two interesting letters on our files:—



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IODEX

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The Case of JEAN M.



CASE No. 4921
NAME: Jean M. Age: 23
OCCUPATION: Milliner.
SYMPTOMS: Frequent headaches. Lack of energy. Bloated abdomen. Unpleasant breath. Irritability. Dizziness.
DIAGNOSIS: Constipation—resulting in impoverished blood. Anemia—due to loss of blood through underlying waste system.
TREATMENT: RESTORE NORMAL BOWEL ACTION IMMEDIATELY WITH NYAL FIGSEN.

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NYAL FIGSEN

FOR CONSTIPATION

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Save your time, Mother . . . save scrubbing tender little hands and knees . . . by using Solvol. Oil, grease and stubborn stains disappear at once in this specially penetrating lather. Even if the dirt is ground-in, Solvol whisks it away in two ticks! Use Solvol yourself after cooking and cleaning. Mother, and keep your hands soft and white. Dad needs Solvol, too, after every dirty job. With a family you must have a long-lasting hand soap, so always ask for SOLVOL.



Whenever you
wash YOUR
hands . . . use
SOLVOL

Daytime radio sessions for wartime needs

However troublesome and worrying the times may be, the woman at home has a constant source of entertainment and even inspiration in the companionable radio set.

Daytime radio programmes are being completely remodelled to meet the needs of to-day. No longer are they the Cinderella of the broadcasting world, but are now receiving the same colorful planning that has been given to night-time sessions.

DURING the past two months many new features have been added to the daytime programme of 2GB, and now two more important features reveal the new trend to encourage and entertain the women at home.

Ever since the beginning of the war Ellis Price, the well-known storyteller, has been presenting a Monday night session of cheerful stories and philosophy, entitled "Chasing Your Troubles Away." It was planned as a tonic for the times, and the extensive mail received by Mr. Price proved how welcome it has been.

Now, however, this session has been transferred to the daytime programme, and extended to four days a week—Mondays to Thursdays—at 2 p.m.

From September 2 Ellis Price will be a welcome visitor, bringing cheerfulness and courage to many homes where his name has always been synonymous with good entertainment plus a deep understanding of the basic human need for a working philosophy of life.

Equally important in answering the current need of women for both entertainment and inspiration during their household routine is the other new feature of 2GB's daytime programme. Entitled "Beauty in the Balance," this new programme, which is being featured every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday at 10.45 a.m., has been described simply as "Stories About Women." But that is not all. Behind these stories is a



ELLIS PRICE, who will present the new "Chasing Your Troubles Away" session.

message for the women of to-day—telling of their trials and triumphs, and of the things that change the pattern of their lives.

They are fascinating little stories, rich in human and psychological interest, and most women who hear them will find themselves invigorated for the strenuous times that lie ahead.

Here then are two programme features which will increase the interest of the daytime programmes on 2GB.

Women in White

Continued from Page 36

"I'll tell you how—Sandy's voice took on a sudden violence, a sudden harsh note of fear. 'You'll get married, that's what. I might have known it. He's not waiting any time. He gets in from Europe yesterday, takes you out for dinner last night, and telephones you twice this morning—'"

"John Bruce? Don't be ridiculous," Margaret interrupted crisply. "We're good friends and that's all."

"You're more than good friends—Sandy gripped the desk. 'Maybe you don't know it yet but that's why you're taking this thing so calmly, that's why you're able to see your profession go out the window. You've got another life in store for you, that's what, another career ahead. Marriage. Bah. The easy way out. I always thought you were the kind that wouldn't duck when the going got hard. But I guess I was mistaken. When a woman has a man up her sleeve—well, that's that.'"

"Sandy. Stop it."

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" Sandy bawled.

A nurse entered. "Oh, Dr. Ferris, I'm sorry to interrupt. I was told your clinic was over—"

"It is," said Margaret. "I was just leaving." She looked at the girl questioningly. She remembered seeing her about the hospital, but on none of her own services.

"It's Miss Merrill," the nurse explained. "She'd like to see you."

"Miss Merrill?" Margaret ruled the astonishment from her voice. She didn't know Catherine Merrill, but Catherine certainly didn't know her. "She's Dr. Kirkland's patient, is she not?"

Sandy gave a low snort of amusement. "Kirkland'll have more reasons to love you than ever when he gets wind of this," she remarked in a sotto voce filled with relish.

Margaret stood, undetermined. Whatever lay at the bottom of this

surprising request would doubtlessly be uncovered on the way to Miss Merrill's room. For the time being she and Sandy had had enough to say to each other.

She nodded to the nurse. "I'll go with you."

"I suppose you'd like to see Miss Merrill's chart?"

"I'm not calling on Miss Merrill as a physician," Margaret reminded her curtly.

"Well I thought, being her best friend and all—"

"Where did you get that idea?" Margaret interrupted curiously.

"Miss Merrill told me so, she said she knew you intimately."

"Oh. In that case, I shall be glad to see the chart." She looked after the girl as she went to the record desk. Someone was decidedly in need of psychiatric treatment, and from the way her own head felt after the hectic events of the morning, she wasn't at all certain who the candidate should be.

She studied the chart as if it might offer some clue to Catherine Merrill's strange behaviour. It did. There was a brief description of the extent and severity of the burn, and then the record of treatment and medication. "Pretty well under drugs," Margaret decided. "But where could she have heard my name?" Surely it wasn't possible that Dr. Kirkland had been discussing her. "I'll go in," she said shortly.

It was a moment before she realised that the girl's dark eyes, peering from beneath the sheath of bandages, were devoid of consciousness. She rang the bedside bell. Miss Randall appeared.

"See if Dr. Kirkland is in the hospital. Get him here immediately."

Miss Randall turned white. "What's happened?" She was all right when I left her—"

"Don't waste time. Hurry. Have the floor nurse bring some whisky at once."

The floor nurse rushed in with a small glass and a teaspoon. "I was in with her just a few minutes ago," she stammered. "I closed the windows, she said she was cold—Oh, is she dead?"

"Of course not. Get a five per cent. glucose and normal saline injection ready for use."

The little nurse disappeared. Margaret forced a few drops of the whisky between Catherine Merrill's bloodless lips. The lids dropped over the dark eyes. There. That was better. She leaned close. Catherine was mumbling. Her eyes flew open, this time with sight within their depths.

"Who are you?"

"Just a friend," said Margaret gently. "Try to drink some more water. It's good for you. Dr. Kirkland will be here in a moment."

The lips parted in a smile. "I wonder if I did this to get him back?" she whispered.

"I don't think so," said Margaret. "But if you did," she granted generously, "I should think, after yesterday's performance, you'd have a perfect right to do anything you wanted, and succeed in it."

"That's nice. Are you a new nurse?"

"A kind of nurse, yes."

The door opened. Margaret moved quickly to give Dr. Kirkland her place beside the bed. Miss Randall hurried in with the injection.

"I thought you might want this," Margaret said.

"I do."

He worked quickly, deftly. "That's a good girl. Feeling better now?"

Catherine spoke weakly. "I had a bad dream..."

"Go back to sleep. There won't be any more bad dreams."

Margaret slipped from the room. He said, without turning: "Wait outside for me. I'll be with you in a moment."

She didn't want to wait for him. There had been quite enough of Dr. Kirkland in her life the past twenty-four hours.

She was about to ring the elevator bell when Catherine Merrill's door opened, and he appeared.

Please turn to Page 38

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Michel

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE

Women in White

Continued from Page 37

HE was at her side with three long strides. "Hold on. You're having luncheon with me. There are things I want to talk to you about."

"I can't. I'm already late for my surgery hours."

"Then I'll drive you to your surgery. My car's downstairs."

His hand was on her arm. There was no dignity in refusal. She said, as matter-of-factly as she could, "This is kind of you—and I'm sorry for seeming to have barged in on your case."

"I know," he broke in. "I got the story out of the nurse. Miss Merrill asked for you. I'm glad you happened to be there. Thanks for getting fluid into her and having the saline ready."

He didn't speak again until they were in the car, and then his con-

versation seemed more concerned with the past than with whatever he had wanted to talk to her about. "You came from upstate somewhere, didn't you?"

"Yes. My father was a doctor."

"So Hausmann told me—Surgeon?"

"In Ellenville a doctor is everything."

"What results have you had on the Deane check-up?" she asked.

"That's one of the reasons I wanted to see you." But at that moment he made the turn into Twelfth Street and drew up at the door of her apartment house. He said, "You'll have to eat lunch eventually, so I'll wait for you."

"You seem certain that I won't be too long."

He flushed. "I didn't mean that."

"Anyway, it's true. Come indoors out of the sun. There'll be plenty of chairs."

He glanced at her approvingly. At least she had a sense of humor in relation to herself.

She fitted her key in the latch. The door swung open before she could complete the turn, and a sharp-eyed cerberus blocked their entrance. The cerberus fell back. A new patient!

Margaret Ferris disabused her immediately. "This is Dr. Kirkland, Celia."

He summoned his pleasantest smile. "I believe Celia and I have already spoken together."

Celia ignored the overture. "Pleased to meet you." Her clipped

tone conveyed that she was anything but pleased. She turned to Margaret. "Have you dined yet?"

"No. We'll go out somewhere."

"Not after I've taken all the trouble to get you your dinner, you won't go out."

The word "dinner" placed Celia once and for all in Bill Kirkland's mind. She was the type of servant who would always call the midday meal dinner, and lunch would always be something you did up in a bundle for the men folks when they were working in the far fields. And with the same tenacity, Celia was going to hold to old grudges, real or imagined.

"There's a roomful of patients waiting for you, Dr. Ferris," she announced significantly, and turned on her heel.

Strictly speaking, Celia had spoken the truth. The small ante-room, adjacent to the surgery, was almost crowded by its two occupants—an elderly woman with a string bag full of groceries, and a boy with a dog on his lap.

The elderly woman heaved to her feet as Margaret entered. "Oh, it's them awful pains in my back again, Doctor, like the devil himself was gnawing on a body's bones."

"All right, Mrs. Dunnigan, come into my surgery, and we'll see if we can root the old devil out."

KIRKLAND smiled with the memory of it. Somehow he hadn't realised that women in medicine had to travel the same time-trodden path that men did. A little neighborhood practice. Aches and pains and cut fingers, and people who couldn't pay bills even if you took the bother to send them—work that paid you handsomely in experience, and nothing else.

He tried to imagine what might lie ahead of Margaret Ferris with the hospital closed to her. As far as he could judge there was nothing ahead—only this kind of thing, and more of it. The brief talk he had managed to snatch with Dr. Hausmann this morning had convinced him that the position she had taken with Bates would bar her from every hospital in the city. Hausmann believed in her, but his hands were tied. There was nothing he could do about it, nothing anyone could do, as long as she refused to swallow that fiery young pride of hers and learn the mature art of compromise and tolerance.

He glanced at her remaining patient. "What's wrong with you, sonny?" If his question was a violation of good taste, it would be forgiven by the patient's youth.

"There ain't nothing wrong with me."

"That's splendid."

"What's wrong with you?" The boy reciprocated with friendly interest.

"With me? Oh, I don't know."

"A lot of things, I guess."

"Gee, that's too bad. She'll fix you up." He nodded towards the surgery. "She's a pretty good doctor."

She fixed my dog up fine."

Kirkland repressed a smile. "So the dog's the patient."

"A truck hit her. Doc put a bandage on, but it came off."

"I never knew a dog yet to keep a bandage on." Kirkland patted the animal's head. "What kind of a pup would you say this was?" he asked gravely.

"My ma says it's a dirty mongrel." The boy's lip quivered.

"She won't let me keep it. She wants to call the pound and have them take it away. I thought maybe Doc would want it. They kill dogs at the pound."

Two tears welled up into the dark eyes. Kirkland's quick impulse of sympathy was cut short by the sound of Mrs. Dunnigan's voluble leaving-taking in the hall. A moment later Margaret Ferris stood in the doorway of her surgery.

She motioned to the youngster. "Come along in. Hello, pup, you're looking much better to-day."

Kirkland found himself alone. He grinned. All in a day's practice. He wondered how she was going to get out of it.

She was evidently rather expert at getting out of things like that, for in a very little time he heard the boy depart, and Margaret Ferris reappeared, unfurled and agreeable.

She didn't even mention the incident. She said, "I hope I didn't keep you waiting too long."

Luncheon Hour

*A little wandering about,
And dreaming in a sunny
place,
A little shopping to be done,
Some ribbon, or a yard of
lace.*

*A little pause to watch the
crowd
Go pouring by, and passing
on,*

*A chiming clock a trifle loud
And lo! the luncheon hour
has gone!*

—Yvonne Webb.

"I thought you'd be a great deal longer under the circumstances," he offered provocatively.

She made no attempt to use the opening. "Did you?" she queried.

"What is it, Celia?"

Celia stood planted on the threshold. "Dinner's on."

"But I told you we were going out to luncheon."

"The food's here," Celia answered curtly, "and it might as well be used." She stalked from the room.

"Celia thrives on scenes," Margaret murmured helplessly. "It'd do no good to argue with her."

"She has you wound around her finger, hasn't she?" he remarked with satisfaction.

He noticed, suddenly, that Margaret Ferris' soft and rather lovely lips took on the same flat look as Celia's. "That's what you think," she replied.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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S.K. 127-38

The Homemaker

August 31, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

39

BEAUTY FOR ARMS

... with this simple treatment

DON'T let your arms give you away when you put on evening dress. Rusty-looking elbows, wrinkled instead of dimpled, arms rough and red and showing traces of last summer tan... Blemishes like these can ruin your whole appearance... and your evening by making you self-conscious as well.

» » By JANETTE « «



LOVELY ARMS, smooth-skinned, soft and white, with dimpled elbows and perfectly-groomed hands... They certainly add charm to the appearance of Linda Darnell, Fox star, photographed here.

ARMS suffer from neglect all too frequently.

Hidden away in the daytime all the winter, one is apt to forget about them. This, coupled with some tan left over from last summer, doesn't make a pretty picture.

Elbows come in for a lot of wear and tear, too. Pressure from constant leaning, friction from clothes tend to make them rough, dry and discolored. And where there should be dimples there is usually a mass of little wrinkles.

It is only when you put on evening dress that you really become conscious of arm faults, and then it is too late to do anything.

So, if you care anything at all about your appearance, treat your arms to regular beauty care as a matter of routine and then you can feel certain they won't let you down just when you want them to look their best.

First your elbows—as these are the parts of the arm which suffer most. It is not difficult to keep them soft, smooth, and free from discoloration.

Just make a point of scrubbing them each night with a bland soap, using a small brush, when you take your bath.

After your bath, dry them well and make a paste of powdered pumice and lemon juice. Apply the paste to each elbow and rub it briskly over the skin so the pumice may remove any deadened cuticle. Allow the paste to remain on for a few minutes so that the lemon juice may bleach out any discolorations. After about 15 minutes remove the paste from your elbows with tepid water and a soft cloth, and then soak each elbow for five minutes in a small bowl of warmed olive oil.

Massage with oil

AFTER the soaking, massage a little of the oil into each elbow. Leave the oil on overnight. Wrap a piece of gauze around each elbow to protect the bed-linen from becoming soiled.

Carry out this treatment for about a week and then continue with regular nightly scrubbing as a matter of routine, and you'll be surprised with the results. The oil lubrication especially will make your elbows soft and smooth.

Now for general treatment for neglected arms. First apply cold cream or skin food all over arms and hands and massage thoroughly into skin for a few minutes. Then wipe off surplus with tissues.



ABOVE: Bathing the arms in warm water and following with a good friction with a brush or loofah, as shown here, will improve the texture of the skin. LEFT: Liquid powder or blender in a color to suit your skin will give glamor to your arms when you wear evening dress. Glennis Lorimer, GBD, shows you how to apply.

When walking with friends in the service,
Of military step don't be nervous.
With Kayser's new sheers,
Your legs... my dears,
Will dazzle the keenest observers!



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KAYSER
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Kayser brings you that unbeatable Hosiery alliance—Strength and Beauty. Kayser brings you the freshness of the new Compass Colours, the beauty of Mir-O-Kleer sheers, super sheers and service weights. Kayser alone, are so economy priced.

33X "Mir-O-Kleer" Extra Sheer Pure Silk 5/11

to the top. Economy priced at 5/11.

Service Weights from 4/11. Pure Silk "Mir-O-Kleer" Sheers, 5/11 to 9/11.

BECAUSE KAYSER SPELLS ECONOMY



For those
charity

BRIDGE TEAS...

Everybody is doing her bit in the national war effort these days.

Perhaps you find your best effort can be made by arranging small functions in your home—getting friends along for cards and knitting and giving the proceeds to the Red Cross or a Comforts Fund.

Then refreshments are your problem; for simple, quick, and inexpensive to prepare yet dainty and appetising fare is necessary.

APPETISING FARE for serving at a card afternoon. Sandwiches, Olive Cream Crackers, Carnival Biscuits and Strawberry Cream Meringue Sandwich, together with the usual nuts and sweets, make a tempting array. See recipes below.

HERE'S your solution in a complete afternoon-tea spread, recipes for which are given below.

The hostess can prepare all the refreshments herself, and the amounts given in the recipes below should be sufficient to serve 14 to 16 guests.

Avoid making your party fare too elaborate. Simple, yet dainty and appetising, is the order for refreshments for to-day, for economy must be studied if you wish to swell the proceeds from your party.

Assorted sandwiches are always very popular, so increase their appeal by using these hints when preparing sandwiches for your next party.

Whenever possible get the sandwich loaf cut into slices by machine. The sandwiches are a uniform thickness, and time and waste are saved.

Prepare the butter for spreading by adding water—two tablespoons to ½ lb. butter—and beating until soft and creamy.

This keeps the sandwiches moist, less butter is used, and it is more easily spread.

To suit all tastes, have a good variety of fillings.

Wrap each kind separately in greaseproof paper before serving, then the flavor of one kind cannot penetrate to the others.

Remove crusts and cut into small sandwiches just before serving.

Always garnish dishes daintily with watercress, parsley, or shredded lettuce.

MOCK OYSTER SANDWICHES

Skin and cook 2 sets of brains with a small piece of onion, 2 bay leaves, salt, and cayenne. Cool and chop up roughly. Stir in very carefully 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce, 1 dessert-spoon cream, and a squeeze of lemon juice. Prepare carefully so that the mixture will not be too moist and soft for spreading.

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND TOMATO SANDWICHES

One ripe tomato, salt, pepper, and a pinch sugar to flavor, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon butter.

Peel tomato, cut into small pieces, melt butter, and fry tomato until soft. Add salt, pepper, and sugar. Beat eggs and stir into tomato. Cook slowly until thick, turn on a plate to cool before spreading on sandwiches.

CARNIVAL BISCUITS

Two tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups flour, 1 rounded teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 1 level teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 egg, a little milk, raspberry jam, pink, white and chocolate icing for decorating.

Sift flour, cream of tartar, and soda together, rub in the butter, add the beaten egg and enough milk to make a stiff dough. Roll out into a flat sheet, cut out with fancy cutters. Place on a buttered slide and cook slowly in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) until nicely browned. When cool join together with the jam, cover and decorate with the icing.

RICHMOND MAIDS OF HONOR

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 1oz. coconut, 1oz. finely chopped candied peel, 1 tablespoon cooked sage, ½ lb. flaky pastry.

Roll pastry out very thinly and line small patty tins with it. Prick 3 or 4 times.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then rind and juice of lemon, coconut, and candied peel and mix well together. Then stir the cooked sage through the mixture. Half fill the lined patty tins and bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes until mixture is set and cooked.

OLIVE CREAM CRACKERS

Small cracker biscuits, butter, 3 tablespoons whipped cream, 1 tablespoon red tomato sauce, 6 stuffed olives.

Spread biscuits with butter, add tomato sauce to partly whipped cream, beat carefully until thick. Place in heaps on the biscuits and garnish with slices of stuffed olives.

STRAWBERRY CREAM MERINGUE SANDWICH

Sandwich: Four eggs, 1 breakfast cup sugar, 1 level teaspoon arrowroot or cornflour, 1 rounded breakfast cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons hot water.

Make into 1 large sandwich using 8-inch tins, or 2 small sandwiches in 5-inch tins. Lightly butter tins and sprinkle with a little flour.

Meringues: Two whites of eggs, 4oz. castor sugar, pinch salt, flavoring.

Beat whites very stiffly, add sugar

gradually, beat until the mixture is very thick. A little pink coloring may be added if liked. Place a piece of greaseproof paper on a tin and force the meringue mixture on to this through a rose pipe, or it may be put on with a spoon. Bake in a very slow oven until quite firm and will come away from paper easily.

To Decorate Cake: 1 gill whipped cream, 1 box strawberries, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Select some of the best strawberries for decorating. Crush the remainder and add to half the cream and fill the sandwich. Spread the top and sides with cream and decorate with strawberries and meringues.

CINNAMON ROLLS

Half-pound flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ lb. sugar, 1 egg, ½ lb. butter.

Rub butter into sifted flour and baking powder; add sugar and mix to a stiff dough. Roll out into a thin sheet and spread with 4 teaspoons ground cinnamon, 4 teaspoons sugar, and 2 teaspoons butter mixed together. Roll up and cut into rounds ¼ in. thick. Place flat down on a buttered tray and cook in a moderate oven. Store in airtight tins.

JIFFY CAKE

One-and-a-half cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/3rd cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup grated chocolate.

Sift flour, measure; add baking powder and salt; sift again. Cream butter, add sugar, egg, milk, vanilla and dry ingredients; beat all together about 3 minutes. Pour into greased tin (8 by 8 by 2 inches). Sprinkle nuts, then chocolate over cake batter. Bake in moderate oven about 50 minutes. When cold, cut into squares and serve with whipped cream or chocolate sauce.

OLD-STYLE QUEEN CAKES

Two eggs, their weight in butter, castor sugar and flour, a few currants or sultanas, a little lemon and vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Well grease some small, deep patty tins. Sprinkle into each a few sultanas or currants. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, beat eggs well, add them gradually, and lastly the flour and baking powder sifted together three times. Mix well and smoothly, two-thirds fill patty tins, shake lightly, and bake in rather a hot oven for 10-15 minutes.

PERIOD ROOMS ... for dining

● The trend among decorators to-day is to adopt the best of period decoration and blend it to the requirements of modern life. This is especially evident in the dining-room, where period furnishings are becoming most popular. ● Here you may furnish in solid Tudor, picturesque Old English, elegant Regency, classical Adam or simple Colonial. Or you might prefer the well-ordered lines of Chippendale or the quaint charm of Old Dutch.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



A DINING-ROOM where the furnishings have borrowed some of the quaint charm of Old Dutch decoration. The attractive dresser which holds blue-and-white plates, the seventeenth century Dutch chairs and the plain table are all in keeping with the furnishing scheme. Old-World chintz at the window, polished wood floors with colored rugs and lights in candle-bracket style are in harmony, too.



CORNER of a period room where a sideboard showing the picturesque Jacobean influence is the centre of interest. The panelling with geometric ornamentation and the tiers of shelves are typical of the period.



DINING-ROOM furnished in American Colonial style—a period which also reflects Early Dutch influence. Notice the unusual dresser, the Old-World chairs and the central-light fitting in oil-lamp style.

Blondes
This HIGH-GLOSS
brilliantine makes
your hair gleam
like golden silk

Join the 1940 Charm School—
HIGH GLOSS your hair! For
this year hair must be gleaming
to be glamorous!

So give your hair a regular dress-
ing with Atkinson's Liquid Brill-
iantine. Rub a little between
your hands, pat it on and see
what a glorious satiny sheen
comes up as you brush!

Insist on Atkinson's, prepared
from the finest, purest light oils;
gives your hair the bright,
natural-looking shine of youth and
health. Non-grasy and non-sticky.



ATKINSON'S
Californian Peppery
English Lavender
White Rose and
Unscented

WORLD'S FINEST QUALITY
THE HIGH GLOSS
BRILLIANTINE
1/6



Atkinson's BRILLIANTINE
Californian Peppery

ALTHOUGH modernism in home furnishing and decorating is still favored, the interior decorator of to-day knows better than to completely ignore the great decorative styles of earlier centuries, from which there is still a great deal to learn.

Indeed, some people find modern furniture, lovely though it is, somewhat cold and austere. They like the warmth of some of the older styles, especially Colonial and Old English.

A dining-room should be informal and intimate in character, but at the same time its decoration should express dignity and grace.

Dining-rooms which especially reflect these qualities are those of 18th century designers Chippendale and the Adam brothers.

There is no reason why a dining-room should be bare, over-practical looking, and uninteresting.

Make use of the styles that run from Elizabethan days to the present time, and you have a wealth of ideas—more than enough to help you to avoid decorating your dining-room in a dull, stereotyped manner.

On this page you will see some charming examples of period dining-rooms.

In the room furnished in Old-English style at the top right, the high-shelved sideboard shows the Jacobean influence. Typical of this period is the rectangular shape; also the panelling and geometric decora-

tion on the front, and the high tiers of shelves with the curving piece across the top.

The room at lower left has borrowed some of the quaint charm of Old Dutch furnishing. The attractive dresser holds blue-and-white plates, the seventeenth-century Dutch chairs are upholstered in Old-World weave in soft colors, while the solid table is in keeping.

At lower right you will see how effective American Early Colonial furnishings and decorating can prove.

The simple charm of this period is evident in the quaint dresser, the plain table, and high-backed chairs.

Even the wallpaper with its old-fashioned design is part of the decorative scheme. So are the central-light fitting in lamp style and the candles on the table.

At present quite a few of our leading furniture stores are featuring Australian Colonial furniture which, of course, is of a later period than American Colonial, in which the Dutch influence is often obvious.

But, like the latter, our Colonial furniture also reflects a most attractive simplicity.

There is no doubt that Colonial furniture, which is based on the exquisite simplicity both in architecture and furniture of the Georgian period, has a certain charm that modern furniture cannot quite capture.

In addition, it is both suitable and practical for adapting to modern backgrounds because of its very lack of unnecessary ornamentation and purity of line.

NEW RECIPES TO TRY . . .

YOU may have a recipe that is worth cash to you. Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

To enter the best recipe competition just write out your pet recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

COFFEE CREAM NAPOLEONS

Sponge: 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup butter, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, vanilla essence.

Beat sugar and eggs, add sifted flour, coffee essence and vanilla. Melt butter in 3 tablespoons boiling water. Stir in mixture. Bake in a large tin 12 minutes. Do not have sponge too thick.

Pastry: 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup each butter and lard, pinch salt, squeeze lemon.

Sift flour, salt, cut butter and lard in small pieces, mix to a light dough with a little water, roll out, fold into three. Roll this way six times, then roll into two pieces same size as sponge. Bake in a quick oven. Do not let it brown too much.

Cream: 1lb. icing sugar, 1lb. butter, few drops vanilla, 1 tablespoon coffee essence.

Icing: Mix 1 cup icing sugar with 1 tablespoon hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, add 1 tablespoon nut topping. Place one piece of pastry on a sheet of paper, put a thin layer of cream on it, place cake on top and layer of cream on sponge cake. Place over it the rest of pastry. Pour icing over and sprinkle with nuts. Cut in pieces when cold.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Bell, 19 George St., Steyne, S.A.

FRUIT ROYAL

One pound apples, 4 bananas, 1pt. milk, 1oz. breadcrumbs, 6oz. butter, 1oz. chopped walnuts, 1 egg, 6oz. brown sugar, rind and juice of 1 lemon.

Peel and grate apples. Mash bananas, add grated rind and lemon juice. Heat butter and sugar until a rich caramel is formed. Stir in fruit mixture and continue stirring

THEY are all prizewinners in our exciting best recipe competition—a contest held every week and open to all our readers. All you have to do to enter is submit your favorite recipe.

until smooth. Add chopped walnuts to crumbs. Moisten with beaten egg and milk. Place layers of this mixture in buttered pudding-basin alternately with caramel mixture. Put a layer of moistened crumbs on top. Cover closely and steam 1½ hours. Serve hot with custard or cold with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

PASSIONFRUIT CREAM

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 pkt. lemon jelly crystals, 2 cups milk, 1 pint hot water, 4 passionfruit.

Beat up 2 eggs with sugar, add milk to make custard.

Put hot water on jelly crystals, add passionfruit and mix well with custard, then pour into glass dish to set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Jean Marshallsea, 114 Macalister St., Sale, Vic.

RHUBARB MERINGUE

Half fill a dish with stewed rhubarb, cover with fingers of stale bread or cake. Beat yolks of 2 eggs with 1 tablespoon of sugar, mix with 1 cup of milk, pour over bread and bake 20 minutes. Whip egg-whites with pinch of salt and 2 tablespoons sugar, put in heaps on top of bread, and brown in oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. J. Savage, Darnum, Gippsland, Vic.

STUFFED VEAL ROLLS

Two pounds veal steak, 6 slices bacon, 3 slices bread, cubed, 1 cup milk, 1 beaten egg, 1lb. minced bacon, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper and sage, 6 carrots.

Cut veal in serving pieces and place each piece on a slice of bacon. Make stuffing of remainder (except carrots) and place a portion on each piece of veal. Roll and fasten with a toothpick. Brown in hot fat in baking dish, add carrots, cover and bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Un-

cover about ½ hour to crisp bacon. Serve with carrots in centre of dish and veal rolls round edge. Make brown gravy from baking dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. McIver, 11 Cadby St., Middle Brighton, Vic.

TOMATO CAKE

One cup sugar, 1lb. butter, 4 eggs, 1lb. flour, 1oz. baking powder, 1 pint tomato juice.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time and beat each well; add sifted flour and baking powder, and lastly tomato juice. Mix thoroughly, bake in two sandwich tins in moderate oven. When cold, ice with lemon icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. Woodrow, c/o P.O., Hughenden, Qld.

STRAWBERRY GATEAU

One pint milk, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, essence, sponge finger biscuits, strawberries, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons water, 1 pint cream, whipped cream for decorating, red ribbon.

Cream egg-yolks and sugar, add to hot milk and cook slowly until mixture coats spoon. Soften gelatine in water, dissolve, and add when cool to custard mixture. Lastly, add slightly whipped cream. Line a round cake tin or mould with finger biscuits, and pour in partly set custard mixture. Allow to become thoroughly set. Unmould and decorate with whipped cream and strawberries and finish with a band of red ribbon around the outside of the gâteau.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Lois Howard, Galgate, P.O., Passifern, N.S.W.



PREPARING

one of her favorite dishes . . . if you have a pet recipe enter it in our recipe competition. You might win a cash prize for it.

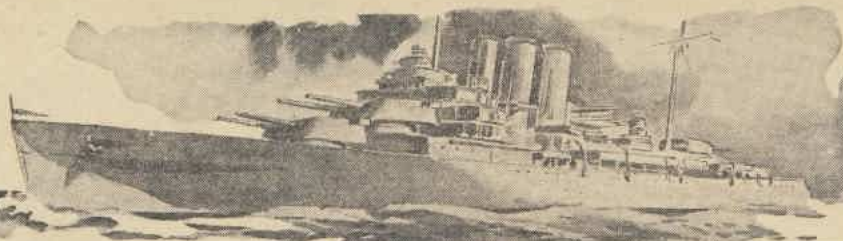
Little Miss Precious Minutes

TO keep cabbage green cook quickly for twenty minutes with the lid off. Don't add soda to the water; this destroys the vitamins.

EXANDING wire curtain rods will not rust if you rub them over with a good floor polish. Polishing also makes curtains slip on more easily.

TO mend a worn hole in a glove take very fine silk and a small needle and work in tiny button-hole-stitch all round the edge of the hole. If the hole is small you have only to catch the edges of the stitches together, but if the hole is large make a small darn, taking the darning stitches through the buttonhole stitches.

"SOMEWHERE AT SEA . . ."



LOOK AFTER YOURSELF WHILE I'M GONE, DARLING. YOU'RE LOOKING TOO PALE AND TIRED LATELY.

GOOD-BYE DADDY!

BUT — A FEW WEEKS LATER.

(THINKS) HOW CAN I WRITE CHEERFUL LETTERS WHEN I FEEL LIKE THIS — TIRED — ALWAYS TIRED AND WORN OUT. BE'S SURE TO WORRY.

WHAT'S THE MATTER PEG? YOU LOOK WORRIED!

OH, MUM — I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER I'M ALWAYS TIRED — EVEN WAKE UP TIRED THESE DAYS!

IT SOUNDS LIKE A VISIT TO THE DOCTOR TO ME YOU'D BETTER SEE DR. WILLIAMS RIGHT AWAY.

THAT'S HOW IT IS, DOCTOR. I'M ALWAYS TIRED — WORN OUT

MRS. COLE, YOU'RE GOING THROUGH A BIG STRAIN. NATURALLY YOU FEEL IT. BUT THE REAL REASON WHY YOU WAKE TIRED IS THAT YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM NIGHT STARVATION. NOT MANY PEOPLE REALISE IT, BUT WHILE YOU SLEEP YOUR BODY GOES ON BURNING UP ENERGY. BREATHING, HEARTBEATS AND OTHER AUTOMATIC ACTIONS ALL USE UP ENERGY. NATURALLY, IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED, YOU WAKE TIRED — FEEL DULL AND LISTLESS. START DRINKING HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT BEFORE BED

— SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT

SIX WEEKS LATER.

(THINKS) YES PEG'S HER OLD SELF AGAIN NOW

I THINK SHE'S WONDERFUL! SO FULL OF ENERGY. SO BRIGHT!

DO YOU WAKE TIRED. FEEL DULL AND LISTLESS ALL DAY?

Every one of us is under a strain nowadays. Naturally this takes a lot out of us. But here's something you should realise. While you sleep your body goes on using up energy. It stands to reason unless energy is replaced during sleep you wake tired. feel washed out. That's Night-Starvation. Drink Horlicks every night before you go to bed. Horlicks replaces energy lost during sleep, helps you to wake in the mornings full of life, clear-eyed, full of vitality. Horlicks is priced from 1/6d. Big economy size 2/9.

HORLICKS guards against NIGHT-STARVATION

Her Finger Tips Lift out Corns

Advice of chemist who knows how to wither up corns so they come out easily and painlessly.

"Yes, she was bothered with hard throbbing burning corns — but they didn't last long," said the chemist. If you are suffering from corns — take my advice and put a drop of Prozol-ice on them. Pain will go quickly — and the corn will wither up and then you can lift it out with your fingertips.

Go get a 1/6 bottle of Prozol-ice to-day from your nearest chemist or store and get rid of corns — core and all."

VIRGOANS are rated, astrologically, as intellectuals. They have keen brains, a great desire for knowledge of a constructive nature, and a longing to use that knowledge in the service of others.

They also possess an instinctive desire to help, guide, heal, and instruct, and when these traits are utilised wisely and humanely a lovable and beloved person emerges.

Those who stress the lower side of the Virgo nature, however, are apt to become grumblers and whiners, and when these faults are carried too far they can bring much unhappiness.

The tendency to grumble turns into nagging, friends are ostracised, and partners and opportunities lost. Hence it is that misery prevails

WRITTEN IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Virgo now dominates the heavens with control over all people born between August 24 and September 23.

before the Virgoan "wakes up" to his (or her) own failings.

Chief among their weaknesses is "criticism." Although this quality, if applied constructively, can be turned to excellent account, it is liable to create many pitfalls for Vir-

goans if applied destructively or carelessly as is usually the case with them.

Another failing is "fussiness," a characteristic which accounts for the fact that many Virgoans remain unmarried or find marriage somewhat disappointing. In addition to being fussy over their own actions and affairs, they demand equal care from associates. The result frequently is that others cannot stand the restrictive, annoying, difficult conditions of life thus created.

Virgoans who wish to retain their happiness will therefore try to avoid forcing their own desires upon individuals who may be made very unhappy by rules and regulations.

Instead they should cultivate tolerance and good cheer. These qualities, when allied to the really admirable characteristics already possessed by most Virgoans, will bring them the appreciation, esteem, friendliness, and love which they need if they are to do their best work in life.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Try to turn recent changes or gains to good account by conscientious consolidation. August 31 and September 1 just fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 23): Get busy and stay that way this week, for wise, energetic and capable Taurians can turn the present starry radiations to good account in many conditions of life. Make the most of September 2 and 3.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): Let caution be your watchword. Unwary Geminians are likely to get themselves into tangles at this time and may find difficulty in extricating themselves. Be particularly wise and patient on September 2 and 3. Avoid changes and aggression then.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): You can make moderate progress at this time, for opportunities may present themselves. If not, start those matters you have long been contemplating, or, better still, plan them so that you can force them ahead later. Meanwhile, September 6 and 7 quite fair for semi-important matters.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Just fair for most Leonians on August 31 and September 1. Try to avoid delays, difficulties and unpleasant changes or surprises at this time of the year.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Mars, Neptune, Mercury and the Sun are all in your sign of the zodiac just now, and this means action, opportunity and inspiration for most Virgoans. Therefore plan your affairs carefully, with an eye to future gains and happiness. Don't be too imaginative or impracticable.



MOLYNEUX tops a slinky black crepe skirt with a bloated jacket in corn-yellow crepe. Glistening black paillettes accent the pockets.

or overdo things and get into arguments, but go ahead and see what you can do, especially on September 2 and 3.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Don't let your emotions or desires run away with you this week. It is a time of routine. September 4 and 5 weak but favorable.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Many Scorpions can turn the present to fair account, but they should observe caution and patience in all they do. Uranus, Saturn and Jupiter are all opposing your sign, and if you are unwary they can bring you troubles, upsets, enforced changes, arguments, and regrets. This is especially so on August 31 and September 1, 6, and 7.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Four stars are adverse and advise caution and wisdom, especially on September 2 and 3. Try to avoid quarrels, upsets, obstacles, lateness and worries then.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Go after the things you want. Some of those ambitions of yours stand a chance of realization at this time. Work hard and long on September 2 and 3. Be optimistic and confident.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Unwary Aquarians can get themselves into trouble around this time, especially on August 31 and September 1, 6, and 7. Caution and patience can reduce the danger.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Don't take risks, for the stars of Pisceans are not at all helpful now. Try to avoid losses, partings, discord, opposition, disappointments and upsets or changes, especially on September 2 and 3.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

"YOU NEED A DAILY SUPPLY OF VITAMINS B₁, B₂, P.P."

(THE ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

Say Doctors and
Nutrition Experts

- B₁** — FOR STEADY NERVES
GOOD DIGESTION
- B₂** — FOR STURDY GROWTH
- P.P.** — THE ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR
— FOR CLEAR, HEALTHY SKIN

Lack of these three vital vitamins soon shows in loss of health. Vegemite, the inexpensive, delicious yeast extract, contains a CONCENTRATED, regular supply of Vitamins B₁, B₂ and P.P.

MODERN, over-refined foods lack full vitamin values. By serving Vegemite — the delicious yeast extract — you increase your supply of the vital vitamins B₁, B₂, P.P.

Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast — and yeast is the richest known source of the combined Vitamins B₁, B₂ and P.P. Vegemite contains intact all the food elements of the yeast plant in their highest degree of concentration. That's why just a little Vegemite every day does an amazing amount of good. Everyone loves the appetising flavour of Vegemite. It's delicious spread on bread, biscuits or toast, with cheese, eggs, for sandwich fillings, with salads, and to give a rich flavour to gravies, soups or stews. One third to one half teaspoonful of Vegemite dissolved in a glass of milk makes a tasty, nutritious drink. Adults need one teaspoonful of Vegemite every day. Children 10 years and over, one teaspoonful daily; and infants from 6 months to 10 years, ½ teaspoonful daily.

UGLY PIMPLES! — Too little Vitamin P.P.

When pimples break out it's usually a sign that the system is not getting enough of the Vitamin P.P. which doctors call the anti-pellagic factor. You can keep your own skin and your children's clear and healthy by serving Vegemite daily. Vegemite supplies your system with a concentrated supply of the skin-clearing vitamin P.P.



P.P.



RAGGED NERVES! — Lack of Vitamin B₁

Lack of Vitamin B₁ often results in serious nervous disorders. If you are run down and get that "weak nervy feeling", then stir one third to half a teaspoonful of Vegemite into a glass of warm milk. It's the finest nerve tonic of all. That Vitamin B₁ soon calms jittery nerves. Drink one or two glassfuls every day.



WEAK STOMACH — Too little Vitamin B₁

Active bowels and steady nerves can be built up when baby is very young. Fallen stomach, weakened intestines and many obscure nerve disorders often come from an under-supply of Vitamin B₁. Make sure that your child is given plenty of Vegemite.



STUNTED GROWTH — Lack of Vitamin B₂

Pretty, weak, under-nourished children are often poorly supplied with Vitamin B₂ — the growth vitamin. This vitamin is especially needed to ensure proper development of body tissues and build up all round good health. Vegemite gives you a concentrated supply of this Vitamin B₂.



You need **VEGEMITE**
every day ... IT'S DELICIOUS!

THE COLOURS DEFY WASHING

The Texture laughs
at Time!

We've found the finest Egyptian yarn, styled for the modern man and woman (if you like) graciously initialed. For men 1/2 with men-follied borders and bold modern patterns (initialed 1/6); for ladies 1/2 (with initialed 1/6).

A PIONEER PRODUCT

NILE

THE HANDKERCHIEF WHICH STAYS SMART!

SOLD SINGLY OR IN FASCINATING GIFT BOXES.



NEEDLEWORK otions . . .

LUNCHEON MAT SET

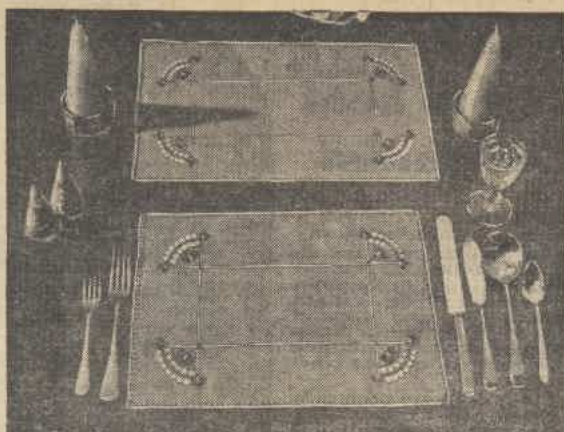
● Obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on white or colored linen or on white or colored organdie.

THESE luncheon mats are available in sets of nine or 13 pieces, and are traced with an attractive new design on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen, or on white, blue, yellow or green organdie.

The centre mat measures 11 by 17 inches, plate mats 8 by 11 inches, and cup-and-saucer mats 5 by 5 inches.

Prices are:
Nine-piece set comprising one centre, four plate mats, and four cup-and-saucer mats, 5/9 for linen, 1/ for organdie.

Thirteen-piece set comprising one centre, six plate mats, and six cup-



THESE SMART LUNCHEON MATS are obtainable in sets of nine or 13 pieces traced for working on white or colored linen or organdie.

and-saucer mats, 7/9 for linen, 6/9 for organdie.

Serviettes to match, size 11 x 11 inches, are 1/- each for linen, 9d for organdie.

Edges of the mats should be finished with blanket-stitch. To do this turn a small hem on the wrong side when the embroidery is completed and stitch.

For working the design you will

need the following Anchor stranded cottons:

F58 (nigger-brown); F776 (mid grass-green); F443 (buttercup); F721 (pure white).

Price 23d. a skein from our Needlework Department.

Use three strands of thread throughout for working and do the design in satin-stitch and button-hole.

Smart Chair-back Cover

● New design suitable for chair or settee back covers.

Same design also available on guest towels.

THE chair-back cover measures 12 by 18 inches and the settee-back cover 18 by 24 inches.

Both are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.

Prices are:
Chair back, 1/9; settee back, 2/11.

Three skeins of Anchor stranded

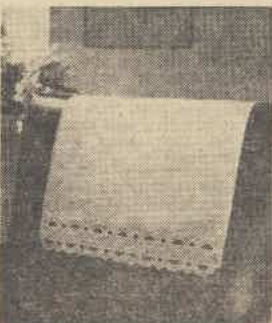
cotton, F608 (light ecru), are required for working the design. These are obtainable from our Needlework Department for 21d. a skein.

The embroidery should be worked in buttonhole and care should be taken to press the work thoroughly before attempting to cut away the material.

Guest Towels: These are obtainable traced with the same design as that on the chair back. Material is silk huckaback in shades of blue, yellow, pink or green.

Size is 15 by 24 inches. Price 2/9 each.

The design should be worked in pastel colors to harmonise with the color of the towel.



CHAIR AND SETTEE BACK COVER traced for working. This design is also available traced on silk huckaback guest towels.

NEW MAKE-UP CAPE

● Designed to protect your frock when you are powdering and making up your face or when doing your hair.

THIS useful article may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced on white, blue, green or yellow organdie.

TO PROTECT your frock when making up or doing your hair—an organdie shoulder cape, quick and simple to work and make up.

It is cut in circular style and measures 36 by 36 inches, which gives a nice fullness over front, back and shoulders. Price is 2/9.

Cottons for working the design are also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 21d. a skein.

When the embroidery is finished, turn a small hem all round and slip-stitch on the wrong side. Also finish with a small hem round the neckline.



See addresses of our Needlework Department on Page 12 (Pattern Page).

For Rapidly Restoring Strength & Vitality

"Ovaltine" possesses every quality needed to make it the perfect beverage for invalids and convalescents. Its attractive flavour appeals to the most fastidious taste and it is quickly and completely assimilated. Indeed, "Ovaltine" has special properties which make the milk to which it is added completely digestible, too, as well as much more nourishing.

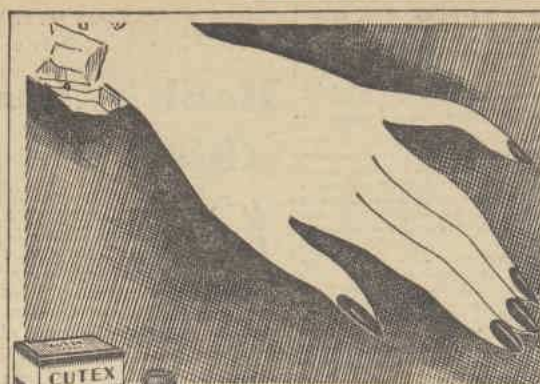
Above all, "Ovaltine" is rich in restorative, strengthening nourishment. It is prepared by exclusive scientific processes from full-cream milk, new-laid eggs and malt extract from the pick of the world's barley crop. "Ovaltine" is a complete and perfect food and supplies every nutritive element needed to build up body, brain and nerves.

1/9, 2/10, 5/- at all Chemists and Stores
A. WANDER LTD., 1 York Street North, Sydney.



There is nothing
like delicious

'OVALTINE'



WEARS!
WEARS!
WEARS!

● The new Cutex is the result of a quarter century of research for the most durable, longest-wearing nail polish possible to modern science. Based on a new principle, slightly thicker than ordinary nail polishes, Cutex Salon Polish gives days and days of added wear.

Ask to see the newest polish shades, Cameo a fragile soft pink, "Gadabout" a red-pink of bright hue, and "Hijinks" a clear real red. These are only three of a "style-right" range of many shades.

CUTEX

Salon Polish

2GB

PRESENTS

For your

DAYTIME
ENTERTAINMENT

'BEAUTY IN THE BALANCE'

Stories About Women

Interesting, true-to-life accounts of the problems they face and the events that change the patterns of their lives.

Mon., Tues., Wed., 10.45 a.m.

"CHASING YOUR TROUBLES AWAY"

With ELLIS PRICE

It's just the cheery sort of session that every woman at home will welcome in these trouble-some times.

Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., 2 p.m.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping!

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical: it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before: it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1532E, Sydney for your FREE copy of the fascinating Elasto booklet. Or better still get a sample of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By a Doctor

Health strategy to beat this Fifth Columnist

PATIENT: Doctor, does tuberculosis run in families? My fiancé has a brother who is in a sanatorium suffering from T.B., and before getting married we would like to know if it is hereditary.

Doctor: It is often thought that tuberculosis "runs in families." It is not, however, hereditary in the true sense of the word, in the sense that blue eyes or baldness are, but it certainly often can be said to "run in families."

That is, children often catch the disease from an older member of the family, and in this way the disease is passed on from generation to generation. The reason for this is that tuberculosis is a highly communicable disease.

It is caused by a germ—the tubercle bacillus, which, when it enters the body, usually lodges in the lungs. It is one of the Fifth Columnists in the world of good health.

It may attack other parts of the

body—the glands of the neck or the bones and joints, for instance.

Sometimes the germs are admitted by drinking milk from cows which are affected by the disease. It is advisable, therefore, to take all precautions by using pasteurised milk (which is free from disease-producing bacteria) or milk from cows which are tested and proved to be healthy.

The germs are also picked up by direct or indirect contact with a person who has the disease.

The healthy person is able to resist it and suffer no ill effects, because a strong, healthy body is able to fight back.

However, if the germs enter the body in large numbers, or if a person has no resistance to fight them, the disease will gain a foothold and develop rapidly.

This is one reason why T.B. is more prevalent among the poorer classes, who, by reason of their poor housing conditions and their lowered resistance owing to malnutrition, succumb more easily than those who are better fed.

Away with worry!

YOUNG children and people in their teens are very susceptible, and young women are more susceptible than men. This is probably due to the fact that many young girls in their teens and early twenties practise slimming and starve themselves of those protective foods which help build up their resistance to infection.

Rest, fresh air, sunshine and good food all play an important part in the treatment. Freedom from worry on the part of the patient also is important, and the good effects of weeks of careful nursing can be overthrown if the patient over-exercises or allows himself to worry.

Tuberculosis often attacks quietly and may have reached an advanced stage before it is recognised. It often begins without any definite symptoms and can only be recognised by an experienced doctor with the help of X-rays.

As so many young people are exposed to the disease it cannot be stressed too often that an X-ray of the chest is advisable on the



BUSINESS GIRLS will help to keep their resistance high by lunching wisely, as shown here, on wholegrain breads, fresh fruit and vegetables.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Faulty elimination

THE reason why so many adults suffer from the curse of faulty elimination can often be traced back to the earliest days of life.

Too often there is far too much early interference with a baby's bowels when the condition is only one of "sluggishness" and would readily yield to natural treatment.

A leaflet on this very important subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested in this subject can obtain a copy free by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



"That's right—
mix it fresh" says

THE INNER MAN

How important freshly-mixed Mustard is with meat! Mustard has special natural powers of "unlocking" your digestive juices and setting the machinery of digestion in motion the moment you start eating. And with digestion "well begun is half done." Enjoy your meals—and good digestion. Never eat meat without fresh Mustard.

MEAT *needs*
MUSTARD

—KEEN'S Mustard

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Watch it shine —after Bon Ami

You almost feel you've worked magic after cleaning the bath with Bon Ami. The dirt's gone, the ring's vanished—all in a jiffy. But here's the surprise. The porcelain sparkles! You see, as quick as it is, Bon Ami is not gritty. Instead of scratching, it polishes—protects—the porcelain!

Bon Ami
the better cleanser
for baths



"hasn't scratched yet!"



HERE is a type of garment that is always useful in the wardrobe — a button-up jacket.

To knit, follow these instructions:

Materials: 13oz. Paton's "Netta" knitting wool, 2 No. 10 "Beehive" knitting needles, measured by the Beehive gauge, 7 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19 inches; width all round at underarm, 38 inches; length of sleeve from underarm, 16 inches.

Tension: To get these measurements, it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7 stitches to the inch in width.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 51 stitches.

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row. Repeat this row three times.

5th Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, cast off 2 sts., k 1, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to end of row.

6th Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the last 4 sts., cast on 2 sts. (thus forming a buttonhole), (p 1, k 1) twice.

Repeat the 1st row four times.

11th Row: K 1 (p 1, k 1) four times, knit plain to the end of the row.

12th Row: K 1, p to the last 8 sts., k 1 (p 1, k 1) four times.

Repeat the 11th and 12th rows eight times.

29th Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, cast off 2 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1, knit plain to the end of the row.

30th Row: K 1, p to the last 7 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1, cast on 2 sts., (p 1, k 1) twice. Repeat the 11th and 12th rows ten times.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric (keeping a border of 9 sts. in moss pattern at the front edge), increasing once at the end of the needle in the next and every following 4th row, whilst at the same time making a buttonhole, as before, in the 3rd and 4th rows and every following 23rd and 24th rows until there are 60 sts. on the needle.

Still making a buttonhole in every 23rd and 24th rows, increase once at the end of the needle in every following 6th row until there are 65 sts. on the needle. Work 11 rows without shaping.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, cast off 2 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1, k plain to the end of the row.

2nd Row: Cast off 6 sts., p to the

TRIM-FITTING jacket with flattering, high shoulder-line and neatly collared neck. Buttons up to neck for cosiness. The original was knitted in henna wool. Instructions on this page.

last 7 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1, cast on 2 sts., (p 1, k 1) twice.

Decrease once at the armhole edge in the next and every alternate row until 50 sts. remain. Work 5 rows without shaping.

Make a buttonhole as before in the next two rows. Work 2 rows without shaping.

In the next row cast off 10 sts., k 1, k 2 tog., k plain to the end of the row.

Decrease once at the neck edge in every following 4th row until 30 sts. remain, ending with a p row.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

1st Row: K plain to the last 10 sts., turn.

2nd and 4th Rows: K to the last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K plain to the last 20 sts., turn.

5th Row: K plain to the end of the row. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 51 sts.

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row. Repeat this row nine times.

11th Row: K plain to the last 9 sts., k 1, (p 1, k 1) four times.

12th Row: K 1 (p 1, k 1) four times, p to the last st., k 1.

Repeat the 11th and 12th rows nineteen times.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric (keeping a border of 9 sts. in moss pattern), increasing once at the beginning of the needle in the next and every following 4th row until there are 60 sts. on the needle, then in every following 6th row until there are 65 sts. on the needle.

Work 11 rows without shaping.

In the next row cast off 6 sts., k plain to the last 9 sts., k 1 (p 1, k 1) four times.

Decrease once at the armhole edge in every alternate row until 50 sts. remain.

Work 8 rows without shaping.

In the next row cast off 10 sts., p to last st., k 1.

Decrease once at the neck edge in the next and every following 4th row until 30 sts. remain.

Work 2 rows without shaping.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

1st Row: K 1, p to the last 10 sts., turn.

2nd Row: K plain.

3rd Row: K 1, p to the last 20 sts., turn.

4th Row: K plain. Cast off.

BACK

Cast on 87 sts.

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row. Repeat this row nine times.

11th Row: K plain.

12th Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

Repeat these two rows nineteen times.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric, increasing once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 4th row until there are 105 stitches on the needle, then in every following 6th row until there are 115 sts. on the needle.

Work 11 rows without shaping.

Cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of each of the next two rows.

Decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 85 sts. remain.

Work 45 rows without shaping.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:

1st Row: K plain to the last 10 sts., turn.

2nd Row: P to the last 10 sts., turn.

3rd Row: K plain to the last 20 sts., turn.

4th Row: P to the last 20 sts., turn.

5th Row: K plain to the last 30 sts., turn.

6th Row: P to the last 30 sts., turn.

7th Row: K plain to the end of the row.

Cast off.

SLEEVES

Cast on 47 sts.

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Repeat this row nine times.

11th Row: K plain.

12th Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

Repeat these two rows, increasing once at each end of the needle in the 9th and every following 10th row, until there are 71 sts. on the needle.

Work 9 rows without shaping.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 22 (k 3, increase once in the next st.), six times, k 25.

Work 9 rows without shaping.

11th Row: K 22 (k 4, increase once in the next st.), six times, k 25.

Work 9 rows without shaping.

21st Row: K 22 (k 5, increase once in the next st.), six times, k 25.

Knitted smartness in a new BUTTON-UP JACKET

● There's a trim tailored air about this hand-knitted jacket, with its neat collar, which makes it suitable for smart sports wear and also for jaunts into town.

22nd Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

Cast off 1 st. at the beginning of every row until 35 sts. remain.

Work 10 rows without shaping. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

COLLAR

Cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: Increase once in the first st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, p 1, k 1.

3rd Row: Increase once in the first st., p 1, k 1.

4th Row: K 1, p 1, k 2.

5th Row: Increase once in the first st., k 1, p 1, k 1.

6th Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, k 1.

7th Row: Increase once in the first st. (p 1, k 1) twice.

8th Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, k 2.

9th Row: Increase once in the first st., k 1, (p 1, k 1) twice.

10th Row: (K 1, p 1) three times, k 1.

Continue in this manner, increasing once at the beginning of the needle in the next and every alternate row until there are 19 stitches on needle.

Work 14½ inches in moss pattern, without shaping, ending at the short side of the work.

Decrease once at the beginning of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and hot iron press carefully. Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams, joining the seams of each piece by sewing together the corresponding ridges (formed by the stitch knitted at each end of every row).

Make two pleats at the top of each sleeve by folding each corner of the straight piece in halves, with the right sides facing (that is, the ridges at the side parallel with the cast-off edge).

Pin at the commencement of the 10 rows without shaping, then pin the point parallel with the cast-off edge, slightly overlapping the points in the centre.

Sew in the sleeves, placing seam 2 sts. to the front of side seam. Sew the collar in position, placing ends 2 sts. from edge of each front. Sew on buttons to correspond with button-holes.

POND'S New Improved Powder

Made to your own special requests*



★ Pond's asked thousands of Australian women to say what features they wanted most in their face powder. And this is what they found out. Women said: Give us a face powder with 1. The softest, finest texture it's possible to make. 2. That really clings for hours and hours. 3. A glareproof powder that is flattering in bright sunshine or under dazzling electric light. 4. A wide choice of skin tones.

So here's the new improved Pond's Face Powder . . . the face powder that has everything you've always wanted, not just this or that feature. Try it for yourself . . . Pond's new improved Face Powder in six smart shades, 1/6 and 2/6 a box at all stores and chemists.

Pond's New Improved Powder. Choose your shade from the range at your local chemist or store.

FOR CHEEKS...
 "THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING"



SPRING IS THE TIME to build up the youngsters' health and resistance. Summer, with its toll of energy and stamina, will soon be here—and it is the cheeks that bloom in the Spring which will still be rosy with health at Summer's end. Let your youngsters' health begin at breakfast tomorrow. Serve crisp, crunchy Vita-Brits. Everything of importance to the system is in the golden-toasted whole wheat of Vita-Brits — proteins, mineral-salts, energising carbohydrates, the all-important Vitamin B and the essential regulative bran. Not only from a health standpoint are Vita-Brits so popular with wise mothers—they are also great economisers and time-savers. They cost no more than bread, always stay crisp and fresh and are ready to serve straight from the packet in scores of appetising ways — hot or cold — sweet or savoury — with milk, cream, honey, butter, jam, or fruits. What better reasons could you have for ordering a packet of Vita-Brits today?

VITA-BRITS



PATON